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MAY DAY IS LABOUR DAY: Focus On Women Labourers

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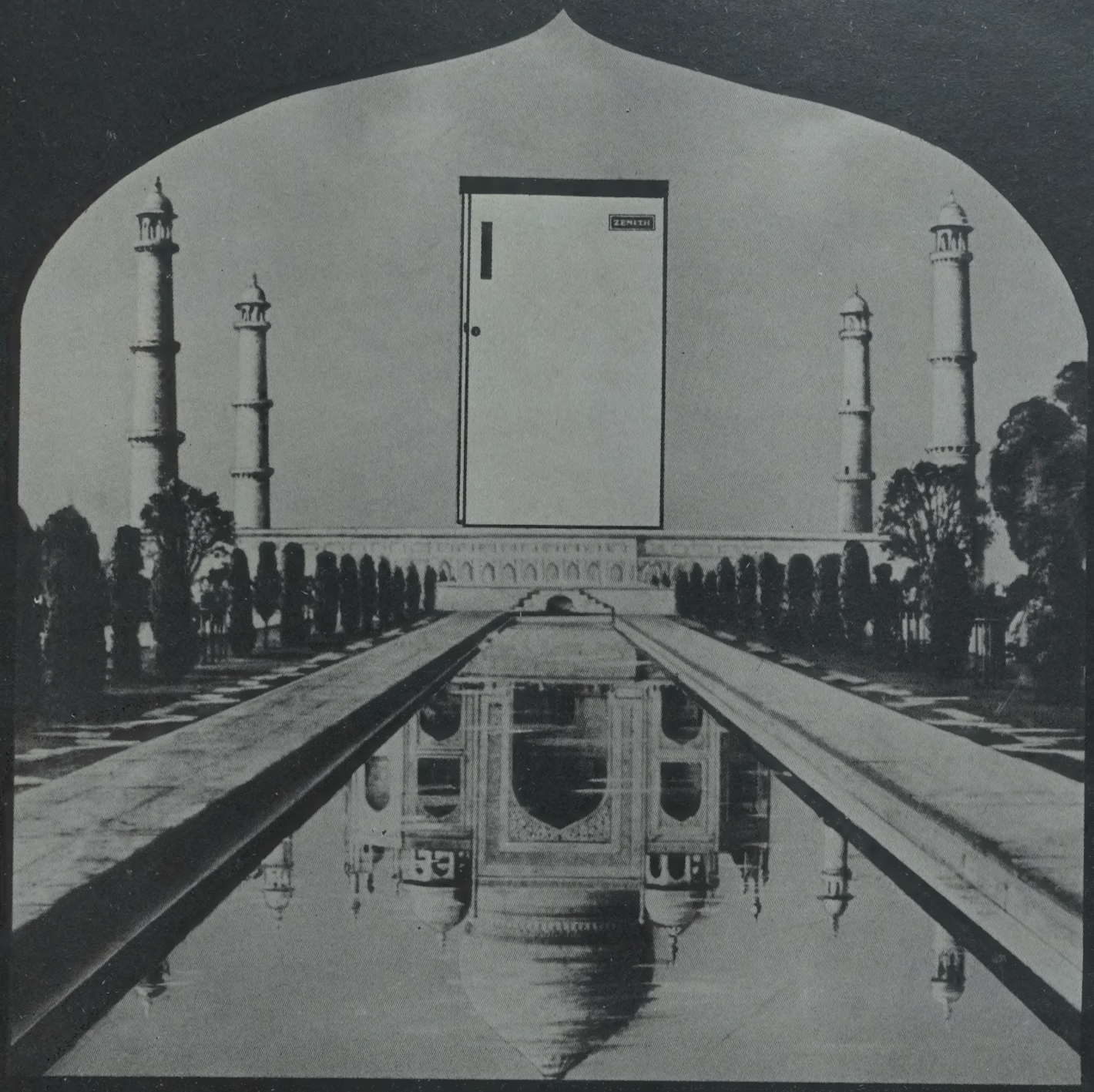

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BEFORE

AFTER
Laurine Jensen...her
incredible results
in just 3 days.

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SHANTHABAI

May Day, traditionally associated in the West with spring and harvest-time festivities, has, since 1886, been celebrated by labourers the world over as International Workers' Day, or Labour Day. In India, where, in spite of much talk about caring for the poor and the oppressed, little is ever done for them, Labour Day is not given much attention. However, it's as good a time as any to focus some attention on the condition of our labourers, with special reference to women.

Shanthabai, who appears on our cover this week, is a construction worker who has come all the way from Gulbarga to Bombay in search of work that will fetch her ready cash — she earns Rs. 3-4 a day. Her parents and she have some land in Gulbarga and return there during the monsoons to work on it.

Photograph :
Farokh Reporter

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this week

MAY DAY IS COMING

May Day has traditionally been associated with spring and harvest time, dancing around the May-pole — especially in Europe. But for nearly a century now the first of May has also been celebrated as Labour Day. The story behind International Workers' Day.
Page 9.

WOMEN IN THE LABOUR FORCE

A large percentage of the labour force in India is unorganised and therefore exploited. Women form a major portion of this section of labour.
Page 11.

Women have till now played a minor, if any, role in trade union activities. Some of the reasons stem from the age-old problems of the working woman. However, the indifference of trade union leaders is also equally responsible.
Page 13.

CHILD LABOUR : A CAUSE FOR WOMEN

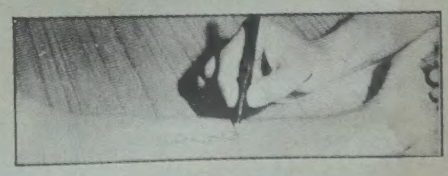
Children have a right to childhood and nobody has a right to deny them that. Yet, in India, thousands of children are pushed into the labour force.
Page 41.

HEALTH HAZARDS IN INDUSTRIES

Although the law safeguards the health of labourers, this remains more or less in the books, since enforcement is slack and employers therefore negligent. Women are specially endangered by some of the health hazards.
Page 17.

A TIME FOR ALLERGIES

The doctor gives a detailed guide to allergies, their causes and cures.
Page 45.



ALSO

Assam : unexplored territory that offers many attractions to holiday makers — **Page 14,** Attractive Threesome: a do-it-yourself guide to a matching set that includes a belt, a bag and slippers — **Page 19.** Film Interview : Raakhee, striving for perfection — **Page 23,** "Trapped" : beginning a four-part thriller serial — **Page 24,** Sleeping Positions : What they tell about your personality — **Page 47,** Profile: Dr. Sudha Suferia — **Page 15.**

REGULAR FEATURES

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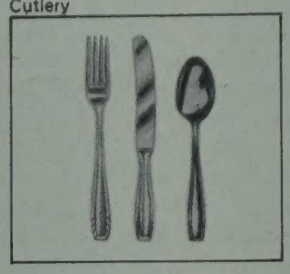
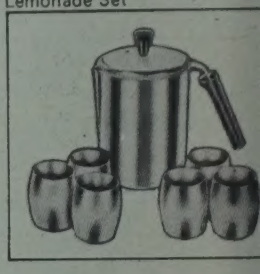


Lemonade Set



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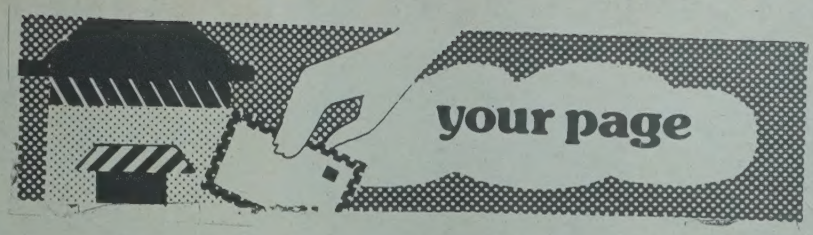


1st prize

THE BOLD NEW BRIDE

A mother, after performing her son's marriage, wistfully said that the absence of shyness and coyness on the part of the young bride in going through the marriage ceremony, robbed the spectators of their enjoyment and merriment in having to coax the bride through her paces. Her next remark that both the groom and the bride were chatting away like old friends, without a trace of shyness or hesitation, afforded food for thought. It was an arranged match, but the groom and the bride belonged to the younger generation brought up in the new order of things. In place of the conventional, self-effacing bride, there was the bold, no-nonsense bride of the modern times, who is not only educated but is capable of attending to any contingency. This bride from a large family corresponded with her prospective mother-in-law about the marriage arrangements! Time has indeed wrought changes. Accepted behavioural patterns are fast tumbling down wihout causing any reaction, which is proof positive that the hide-bound society is loosening up to keep pace with the times. The day is not far off when a boy or a girl may choose and marry whomsoever he or she likes, without the family standing in the way. This will automatically and effectively wipe out caste distinction and the dowry system — the spectre in many families, which even legislation has not succeeded in eradicating.

Miss E. Dhamayanthy Devasundaram, Madras

The bashful bride coyly lowering her eyelashes and contemplating her toes now belongs only on the cinema screens. Today's bride looks the groom — and his family — right in the eye. . . and why not? Most men want educated working women and these don't, and won't, contemplate their toes!

2nd prize

CAMPUS OR BATTLEGROUND?

A very disturbing atmosphere prevails in the country and the rampaging students hold a major share in lawlessness. The increasing violence in schools and colleges have made many a parent remark that Emergency was better. Educational institutions are no longer the holy places where the seeds of law and order, love and discipline are sown. They are now the battleground of factions, where the rival groups of students engage in burning vehicles, damaging individual or public property, boycotting classes and holding demonstrations. It is said that these spurts of lawlessness are politically motivated but whatever be the source of inspiration for this disorder and violence, the result is the same — an atmosphere of fear and insecurity for the innocent ones who usually fall victims. If we look back, we find that the Emergency was the only time when studies went uninterrupted. Freedom of thought, speech and expression are essential factors in Democracy and no one can justify an Emergency which restricts these. But misuse of freedom or taking it as a license for violence and disorder, as is the case now, is unpardonable. The unlawful elements in the country like the robbers, highwaymen and saboteurs are thriving in this atmopshere of wild disorder. The Government should take firm action to control this alarming situation or soon we will have a 'De-mock-racy' in which everyone will take the law into his or her own hands.

Vaisala Balakesari, Katni

In our recent issue (April 15) we highlighted the student unrest all over the country and it must be admitted that the Establishment does seem to have let the students down rather badly. We do not condone indiscipline and lawlessness, but it is the older generation now in authority who must start being fair to the young.

3rd prize

FOOD FOR BURNING

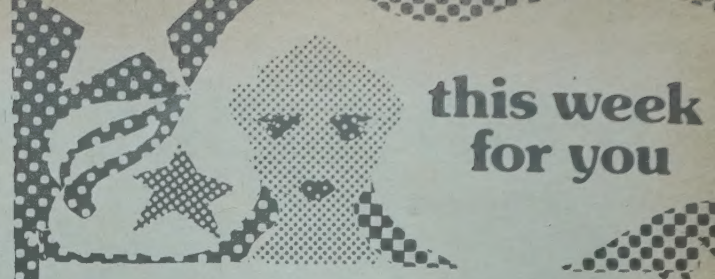
God must be a demon who asks for, and accepts, an offering of 32,000 kilos of pure ghee, 50,000 litres of pure milk, 25,000 kilos of rice, til, etc, 3,000 kilos of wheat, 600 kilos of tur dal, 200 kg of sugar, totalling food worth Rs. 400,000—all burnt as an offering to HIM in Gyatri Yagna in Ahmedabad recently, watched by masses of people, officials, legislators and Ministers. In any other country, people responsible for this sort of thing would be jailed, and in Russia and China they would all be executed. Recently, when a farmer gave to the cattle, loaves of bread meant for the people, he was exiled for life into the vastness of Siberia.

If I cut down a tree even in my own compound, without the permission of the Municipality, I can be jailed. How can any civilised government look on such diabolic destruction of valuable food when millions of people in the country are below the poverty line? Religion or no religion, how can any government allow this. It's a good thing, Sati was banned by the British; otherwise it would surely have been allowed, by our Congress and Janata governments, to continue on grounds of religion. Government and political parties must act from a position of courage and the courage of their convictions. Unfortunately, we the masses have neither guts nor character.

Mother Teresa is battling to save the destitute and the hungry, and our religion allows such diabolic and satanic destruction of food!

I. E. J. David, Nagpur

"Shameful" is the only word for these heinous crimes in the name of religion. And to think that a couple of our "progressive" Union ministers were present to give this 'ugh-na' a big hand!



K. H. Shroff

For the week April 29 — May 5

ARIES (March 21 — April 19): Auspicious for home affairs, short trips, correspondence, romance and marriage. Active conditions and cooperation on all fronts. Favourable days: All days.

TAURUS (April 20 — May 21): Many obstacles and delays in realizing your objectives. Be generous to people who work for you. Favourable days: 2, 3.

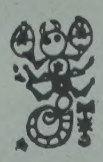
GEMINI (May 22 — June 21): Financially favourable, mentally optimistic. Go ahead with your plans, specially artists and those interested in music. Favourable days: 30, 1.

CANCER (June 22 — July 22): Jupiter with your Sun and other planets favourable on all fronts. Pursue faithfully your objectives. Favourable days: All days.

LEO (July 23 — Aug. 23): Difficult week. Unexpected confrontation from outside, but forceful planets overcome the challenge. Favourable days: 4, 5.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 22): Raise in your present status. Conditions help you to accomplish many things successfully in a short time. Favourable days: All days.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22): Friendly atmosphere around you will help you to pursue your ideals. Benefits from travel and writing. Favourable days: 29, 30.

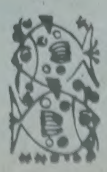


SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22): Tense situation. Give priority to your health. Keep cool head and relax. Favourable days: 2, 3.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21): Unmarried Sagittarians find their future mates. Favourable response to business and new enterprises. Good luck all round. Favourable days: All days.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19): Domestic bickerings on minor issues. Be tolerant. In profession, income and public image are enhanced. Favourable days: 2, 3.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 19): Excellent for creative artists. Financial benefits from your established profession. Avoid legal involvements of all kinds. Favourable days: 4, 5.



PISCES (Feb. 20 — March 20): Some emotional upsets. Also, financial difficulty owing to sickness or the need to help someone close to you. Favourable days: 1, 2.

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MISSING THE MAY DAY MESSAGE

May Day is coming. For centuries the toiling people of Europe celebrated the harvest festival on the first of May. It was a Spring festival, a time for dancing and enjoyment. But, since 1886, it is the day when workers of all lands celebrate their awakening to a class-conscious life, celebrate their unity and solidarity in the struggle against exploitation, poverty and suffering. It is a day of pledges and commitments. It is celebrated throughout the world as International Workers' Day.

The first of May is not some arbitrarily chosen date for International Workers' Day. It is a date with a history of struggle of working men, of their bravery, death and pledges. May Day began as an unforgettable day in the United States in the last century.

In the 1880s life for American workers was horrifying. They worked from 16 to 18 hours a day in inhuman conditions. They were not allowed to organise to improve their conditions. It was the era of the robber barons, the period of open, ruthless competition, when all means were used openly to get rich quick. It was as a result of the back-breaking toil of the American workers that the now famous billionaires were created.

May 1 is International Workers' Day, but it has largely lost its significance to workers in India

Under such difficult conditions the Knights of Labour, and later, the American Federation of Labour, were organised by brave men who risked their lives to improve the conditions of workers. They organised workers all over the United States, and took up demands and struggles at a national level. In 1884, American workers in the Federation decided to strike every year on the first of May for an eight-hour working day. In 1886, the struggle for an eight-hour working day intensified. They demanded that it be implemented, or else from the first of May an intense agitation would be launched. The industrialists and the government rejected their demand.

Chicago was a leading centre for the workers' organisation at that time. Therefore the state concentrated all its forces to break the movement in Chicago. The demonstration of the striking workers on May first was brutally attacked. Ten workers were killed in the police firing and their leaders were arrested. The angry and shocked workers picked up the blood-stained shirts of their dead comrades and used them as flags in the struggle they carried on. Four of the arrested leaders were hanged by the state.

The sacrifice of the 14 American workers on that fateful day has never been forgotten. Ever since, the first of May became an urgent call to working people to carry forward the work of the martyrs. The workers responded by seeing that no factory worked on May 1st. Demonstrations, rallies, meetings of workers on May Day have become an established feature. As a result of the struggle of workers, it has been declared officially in most countries as International Workers' Day and is a national holiday. This day is different from all other international days. It is not a date chosen by bureaucrats sitting in the U.N. It is a date chosen by workers, which every country in the world has had to accept.

Over 90 years have passed since this incident. In India, the story behind May Day, its significance, is rarely mentioned even by labour leaders. They may go through the motions of holding rallies, or meetings, but the force, the spirit, behind this international holiday in honour of workers is missing.

Yet, ironically, in India more than in any other country the significance of May Day is immense. Even the first demand of the American workers, an eight-hour working day, which has been realised in every civilised nation of the world, is far from being realised in India. Only the organised sector, which constitutes a microscopic minority of the working force, has fixed hours of work.

For all the labourers, including women and children, working in the fields what does life mean? Hard labour from dawn to darkness for a few miserable rupees, which buy less and less as days go by. Oppression by rich landowners and the high castes, which has been natural for centuries. For the little boys who work in the canteens and restaurants of the metropolises of India, the contract labourers, and workers in small industries, for the domestic servants working in our homes, what are reasonable working hours?

While these minimum demands have not yet been fulfilled, our ruling parties, industrialists, intelligentsia and even union leaders choose to ignore these facts. International Workers' Day will slip by unnoticed. The killing of ten workers led to an international movement in the 1880s. But in India, even in the 1970s, the killing of thousands moves very few. Martyrs for the workers movement are to be found even here. Four months ago, over 150 workers were shot to death, and many more wounded, in Kanpur. They were demanding the wages that had not been paid to them for over a month and a half. On April 5, 1978 nine workers were killed in M.P for demonstrating against their retrenchments. Every day landless labourers, especially Harijans, are being humiliated, beaten and burnt to death for asserting their right to demand reasonable wages.

In India now, the exploitation and misery of the people are increasing. Prices are galloping while wages are lagging behind. Sixty per cent of our population now lives in conditions of absolute poverty, while the top five per cent have fattened, increased their wealth and power. From every hut in the villages and cities there is a cry for freedom — freedom from want, freedom from exploitation, freedom to live like dignified human beings. May Day is a call to struggle for this and more.

Anuradha Shanbag

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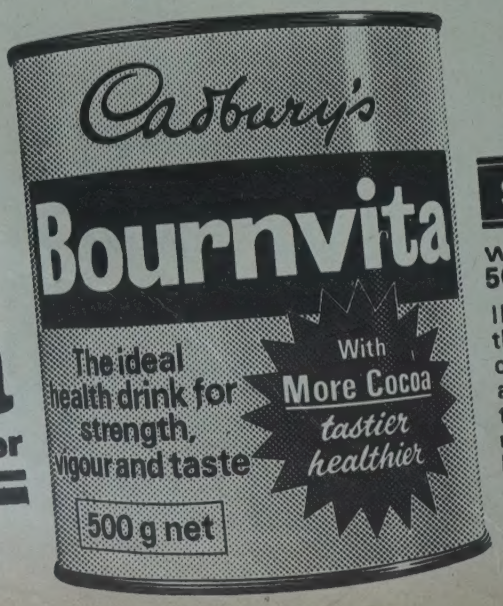

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UNHAPPY LOT OF UNORGANISED LABOUR

UNORGANISED LABOUR IS PARTICULARLY VULNERABLE TO INJUSTICE AS IT HAS NO TRADE UNION TO FIGHT ITS BATTLES AND IS COMPLETELY AT THE MERCY OF THE EMPLOYER

Nilan Karnik

The contract between employer and labour is basically an unequal one. The employer on one hand owns all the wealth and means of producing wealth, while the labourer has nothing but his ability to work. And in the struggle for existence, he has to hire out this ability to the employer. There exists inherently, therefore, the possibility, fully utilised by most employers, to take advantage and exploit the workers.

A lone worker is not able to achieve much as far as bettering his condition. His protest is easily silenced, or absorbed, without it making much difference to his terms of employment. And so gradually, over the years, workers all over the world have realised the need to organise themselves and to put up a fight for their rights in a united and organised way. Whatever legislation has come about, whatever ameliorations have been granted to them have only been as a result of this struggle.

In India we still find a vast section of the labour force unorganised. This group accounts for 41.66 per cent of the non-agricultural wage-earners according to the 1961 census. The reasons why this section is not organised is mainly due to the nature of their work being intermittent, irregular and dispersed. Other reasons are that the workers themselves, due to illiteracy and lack of knowledge, have not been able to realise where their interests lie, especially as they are confronted with the apparently indomitable strengh of the employer. Unorganised labour covers not only labour employed in one field but includes various sort of employees, e.g. contract labour, casual labour, labour employed in small scale industries like handloom/powerloom, bidi and cigar workers, employees in shops and establishments, sweepers and scavengers, workers in tanneries, tribal labour and other unprotected labour.

A vast section of unorganised labour is in the form of contract labour and their conditions are representative of unorganised labour by and large. The employer has much to gain by employing contract labour. He can pay lower wages than to the direct employee. He does not have to extend any fringe benefits in the form of leave wages, Provident Fund, etc. This also means that the cost of overheads and the administrative burden of maintaining an establishment is reduced. All in all it means a lower cost of production and more profits for the employer.

The contract worker on the other hand has much to lose. Besides low wages, lack of fringe benefits, he is also swindled by the contractor in most cases. An interesting fact to note is that governments, which swear by the toiling masses of the country, are the largest employers of contract labour.

A common practice by many employers is to employ casual labour. Ostensibly this is done to fill vacancies caused by absenteeism or because of temporary pressure of work, but actually and more often this is just a way to circumvent the law and avoid giving benefits, accruing from continuous service. These employees are periodically sacked and there have been cases where after a week, the same person is reemployed. Similar is the case of workers who for years have been kept as temporary employees.

Parts of unorganised labour are covered by some legislation like the Minimum Wages Act, the Unfair Labour Practices Act and Regulation and Abolition of Contract Labour Act. But adequate legislation to protect all such workers is lacking. Besides, the bigger problem is that even when legislation exists, enforcement is ineffectual and thus affords negligible protection to the workers. For example, according to the Minimum Wages Act, semi-skilled workers in the engineering industry are supposed to be paid Rs 11 a day, but there have been cases where the employer simply says that he can only pay Rs 6 or Rs 7. Take it or leave it. And since beggars cannot be choosers the worker has to accept or starve.

A comment in the Report of the National Commission of Labour, 1969, is very enlightening on the subject of enforcement. "While recording the evidence at State head quarters, we made enquiries about the operation and enforcement of the fair wages clause. In one such State, the senior officer of the department had no knowledge of the inclusion of any such clause in the contract. Even where the officers had knowledge, instances of departmental or punitive action against defaulters were few and far between."

These conditions will exist so long as the workers concerned let them exist. Though such workers are in a vulnerable position and liable to be thrown out, protest is not entirely absent. The tannery workers of Calcutta had a prolonged agitation in 1969 when they were finally able to have a fixed wage scale. Part of the problem of unorganised labour can be overcome if they have the support and sympathy of the permanent and organised labour. A united struggle for their rights is the only way the workers will be able to protect and emancipate themselves.

Devi

RAJ: bad scripts make flop films

The release of "Satyam Shivam Sundaram" is discussed more in terms of seasons than dates. According to Raj, summer is a bad month, university examinations and later vacations mean bad business for film. Follows the rain which is again a damp season for releases. Follows winter which is so severe in North Gujarat, Mylapore, to be exact, everywhere except Bombay.

Raj keeps postponing the release, but meanwhile he got so fed up eating grass and drinking tea, that he gave up his vegetarian and drink vrat in anticipation of "Satyam" and dug his claws into ran (mutton leg), ate it, chewed the bones and washed it down with Black Label, then caught the plane to London for the colour print of the film. When I asked him what he thinks will be the fate of his nineteen reels, said Raj, "If the audience accepts the mod, cigarette smoking, disco-spinning Zeenat as the pujarin at the temple, it will click."

Poor Zeenat, only two years ago, Raj said she was a volcano of talent which he would explode. Too funny. It is high time Raj Kapoor stopped exploring volcanoes and busts and expose or explode them. Why can't he give up his Mutt and Jeff story writers, including himself? I mean "Joker" was Raj Kapoor's idea of a "good script." He sincerely felt that five dumb women walking into his life, wearing only white sarees, white mogras, with a white moon pinned above, to finally walk out, wear coloured sarees, marry and produce children was a most interesting screen play. Anyway, it is never too late to change, even at fifty-seven. Raj has now realised that flesh and daru are only connected with the stomach and liver and not with the success of a film.

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women denied fair deal in TRADE UNIONS

Although women form such a substantial portion of our of work force, why are there so few of them prominent in trade union activities?

Chhaya Datar

Women at work in a leather goods factory.

ABOVE RIGHT: Women sharpening nibs in a pen factory.

RIGHT: Women working in a watch assembling unit.

A recent incident. It was morning, about nine o'clock. I was at a friend's place. He happens to be an organiser of the teachers' union and an active participant in the recent strike. The bell rang and a man rushed in, obviously agitated. Casting all formalities aside, he blurted out, "Here, take care of your great social worker, it is impossible to lead a happy life with her." He thrust a woman forward, his wife. My friend relaxed, his bewilderment vanishing. He invited both of them to sit down. His manner did not calm the man, who continued to fume.

"Can you imagine, this woman leaves the house at nine in the morning and returns around nine in the evening. My parents have come to stay with us after a long time. I expected her to spend more time with them at home, especially now that the strike is on and she does not have to go to work. But no, the organisation is more important to her than her in-laws, her family. She wants to devote all the time she has to it. I cannot, will not support her any longer." The husband went away, as angry as when he came in, leaving the stunned and humiliated wife behind. My friend soothed her and advised her to stay with her parents for a few days.

This is an eloquent incident, the rule rather than an exception, typifying the plight of women activists involved with trade unions. This incident also demonstrates, rather dramatically, the reasons for the scarce participation of women in trade unions, as primary members or as leaders.

Another woman known to me was also an enthusiastic, leading trade union activist. Then came marriage. And now she probably does not even attend the general body meetings. Marriage has rendered her totally inactive in the trade union field. Some women workers from the textile mills, on the contrary, are found to be militant, active participants in union work. These are generally widows. Widowhood seems to offer them opportunities to assert themselves.

All trade unionists have experienced the difficulty involved in organising women workers. There are other interesting features about women workers observed during trade union struggles. Once the women accept the idea of unionisation they become and remain very firm and loyal supporters of the union. They may not participate vigorously in the day to day activities of the trade union, but they exhibit great endurance and firmness in the course of struggles, not yielding easily. The usual tenacity of women sets them apart in the course of struggles too.

These characteristics of militancy, firmness and loyalty vary, depending on the social stratum of the women workers. The uneducated women industrial workers, coming mostly from the "lower castes," show extreme militancy, often forming front rank contingents in demonstrations, picket lines, etc. They do not seem to be self-conscious or inhibited about participation in street activities. Their family members too seem to be sympathetic to these actions and find their participation quite natural.

The "upper class and caste" educated women employees from the tertiary sector are more likely to be detached observers, nonactive participants, unwilling to shout slogans or march in the streets. They are also more burdened by their household duties and responsibilities. The role of the housewife dominates the life of this section of working women, the career generally assuming a secondary place. Education does not seem to motivate them to take up leadership in union activities.

The working class woman enjoys relatively greater freedom, a tradition in their communities. Changes are of course taking place in these attitudes, and that too, repidly. The responses of the white collared working women are showing a definite change. The massive participation of women employees of the L.I.C. and the banks in their struggles as well as that of the teachers in the recent State Government employees' strike, indicates clear-

Continued on page 43

ASSAM: rich in flora and fauna

Amita Sarwal

Lying at the foothills of the Eastern Himalayas, Assam is an enchanting state with lush green plains, blue hills, exotic wild life and a rich cultural heritage which it shares with the rest of India.

Gauhati: Once known as Pragjyotishpura (Light of the East), it is a fast growing metropolis and the principal city in Assam. Situated on the banks of the Brahmaputra, Gauhati is for most tourists the entry point into Assam.

Assam is an exotic region where a tourist will find much to admire and enjoy

In Gauhati is the famous and sacred Kamakhya temple. There is another holy shrine on the island of Umananda in the river. Some other spots for tourists are the State Zoo, the State Museum and the Gandhi Mandap.

How to get there:

Borjhar the airport in Gauhati, is directly connected with Calcutta by a number of flights with a flying time of only 45 minutes. Gauhati is also linked by road with the rest of the country by National Highway 31. Long distance trains from Delhi and Calcutta also bring you to Gauhati.

Where to stay:

There is a Tourist Lodge run by the Government of Assam. There is also a Circuit House and a number of private hotels, too.

Excursions in and around Gauhati:

Bashita Ashram, a picnic spot where three streams meet; Sualkuchi, 45 kms away, is famous for its weave products and the silk fabrics — the Pat, Eri and Muga varieties of silk are typical of Assam.

KAMAKHYA & UMANANDA

The Kamakhya temple in Gauhati is one of the most sacred temples in India. Built on top of the Blue Hill (Nilachal), this sacred shrine of the Hindus is steeped in many legends and fascinating tales. A hilly island in the Brahmaputra opposite the D.C.'s court in Gauhati, Umananda, is another sacred spot where there is a temple, built in 1694, whose presiding deity is Shiva. A great mela (festival) is held here every year on Shivaratri day (in February/March).

HAJO

The Hayagribe Madhab temple at Hajo is a pilgrimage centre both for Hindus and Buddhists and it is just 22 kms. on the north bank connected by bus from Gauhati. You can also visit Poa-Mecca, a famous shrine nearby.

MANAS

Manas is perhaps the most spectacular wilderness in our entire country. This is the home of the wild buffalo, sturdy in build and ferocious, but wary of man. The rain forests are rich in various species of animals — the golden langur, the one-horned rhinoceros, hog deer, wild boars, tigers and elephants. For the ornithologist the forest offers pelicans, peacocks, large coromants and the white carped redstart. In the morning, one can see the flights of the great pied hornbills as they cross over to Bhutan to feed, returning late in the afternoon. Boat trips down the river can be arranged and elephants are available for riding. Though it is possible to view wild life throughout the year, the best time is from December to April. Manas also provides a unique opportunity for anglers. The masheer and other big and small varieties of fish are there in plenty. It is also a Tiger reserve adopted by the Government of India.

How to get there: The nearest airport is Gauhati, 176 kms. away and the nearest railway station is Barpeta Road, 40 kms. away. Transport from both these places to the sanctuary is easily available.

Where to stay: The Forest Department runs two fully furnished bungalows with catering arrangements at Mothanguri within the sanctuary. Camping sites are also available.

ORANG

The chief animals to be seen in the Orang wild life reserve are the rhino, the tiger, sambhar, hog deer, barking deer, wild boar and bear. There are a variety of birds including pelicans and migratory birds.

How to get there: Orang is only 150 kms. away from Gauhati, on the north bank of the river Brahmaputra. Transport can be arranged.

Where to stay: There is a forest rest house where the tourist can stay.

KAZIRANGA

This park, which was begun to preserve the Indian rhinoceros from extinction, has today over 700 rhinos. Besides rhinos, there are wild buffaloes, sambhars, swamp deer, hog deer, wild elephants, tigers and bears. Kaziranga is also a breeding place for pelicans. Few sanctuaries can provide such a unique setting and a guaranteed sight of its best known wild animals and birds as Kaziranga. The elephant is the only mode of transport through the swamps to approach the rhinoceros.

How to get there: Kaziranga can be approached from Calcutta either via Gauhati or the Jorhat airport. From Gauhati Kaziranga is only 220 kms. away on the National Highway 37, and 96 kms. from Jorhat. Motor transport from these airports to Kaziranga can be arranged easily. State Transport buses are also available.

Where to stay: There are comfortable tourist bungalows maintained by the Government of Assam. These have double bed rooms including some air conditioned rooms. There is also a forest rest house and a motel nearby. A new lodge with 24 rooms (48 beds) is coming up under the I.T.D.C.

SIBSAGAR

Sibsagar was once the capital of the Ahom kings who ruled Assam. The town is built around the Siva Sagar tank. The tank, 129 acres in area, was constructed 200 years ago. It is above town level although it is situated in the heart of the town. The Siva temple on its bank is believed to be the highest Hindu temple in India. Sibsagar is a testimonial to the glory and richness of Assam's history. The township is famous for its historical relics, ruins and shrines.

How to get there: Sibsagar is easily reached from Jorhat airport, 55 kms. away on the National Highway. State Transport buses are available and taxis can be arranged.

Where to stay: Overlooking the great Sibsagar tank there is a cosy tourist bungalow with catering facilities. Besides, there is also a circuit house and a dak bungalow. There are a few hotels too.

DR. SUDHA SUTARIA:

A BUSY OPHTHALMOLOGIST

She is the topmost ophthalmologist in Nagpur, and her work extends much beyond that city

To most Nagpurites, Dr. Sudha Sutaria is a household name. Be it myopia or cataract surgery or any other eye complaint, Dr. Sutaria remains the topmost ophthalmic surgeon in Nagpur. For the past two decades, her practice in ophthalmology has increased steadily and her rise to this place of prominence has been well earned.

Educated in Bombay, Dr. Sutaria was the first woman to take up ophthalmology at the KEM, Bombay. When she made up her mind and approached her teacher, he was a bit sceptical, but there was no dissuasion from anyone. Ever since her childhood, she had wanted to do something for the blind. Her maid servant's daughter who played with her was blind and she was perhaps the first person to inspire Dr. Sutaria. When her grandfather underwent a cataract operation which made him handicapped for some time, she was determined to do some lasting work in this field. Moreover, charity and social work ran for generations in her family. Her mother, Sulochana Modi was the only woman Mayor of the city of Bombay and a known social worker.

Dr. Sutaria married a Nagpur-based businessman and ever since has been practising there. She happens to be the first M.S. in that city and the first woman ophthalmologist. The beginning was not very encouraging. Dr. Sutaria approached government hospitals for a job but was refused. Then when she set up her own practice, many social obstacles were there. The very idea of a woman eye surgeon was not acceptable to the people. In spite of all this, she wanted to master surgery, so she started with a two-bed hospital of her own. Now she has a 14-bed hospital and, of course, is attached to various hospitals.

At the Mayo Hospital, which is over 115 years old, she is an honorary eye surgeon and a teacher in Ophthalmology at the Indira Gandhi Medical College. The patients who come to the general hospitals are usually poor, undernourished and illiterate. They are most vulnerable to eye afflictions because of their living conditions. Formerly, says Dr. Sutaria, small-pox was one of the major causes of loss of eyesight; today it is malnutrition. Medical treatment to people from this class is only half the answer. There is a glaring difference between this class of people who come to the general hospitals for treatment and those who go to private surgeons.

At the general hospitals, the equipment for surgery is old and unsophisticated when compared to modern standards. Besides this impediment, there is a painful lack of trained assistants and an adequate infrastructure. Most of the time, said Dr. Sutaria, she finds herself teaching her assistants right from scratch and in the process a lot of valuable time is lost unproductively. With the availability of a trained staff, much more could be done — she could devote more time to surgery.

Apart from her work in the city proper, Dr. Sutaria functions within a radius of 300 miles which covers parts of Madhya Pradesh as well. Dr. Sutaria has been a key figure in organising numerous eye camps of 10-12 days' duration under the auspices of the Rotary Club, the Lions Club and the Junior Chamber.

Asked about the utility or the futility of such short camps, Dr. Sutaria said that they do a lot of good. First of all, they cater to those who do not have enough even to reach the nearest dispensary or a hospital. Also most villagers tend to lie low with their problems rather than seeking relief. To such people it is a source of education. In all her camps, she arranges for double checking of the patients to avoid further complications and insists on doing the first post-surgery dressing herself.

Though general hospitals are starved of sophisticated drugs, the eye camps have the basic drugs to help in such endeavours. A lot can be achieved with the available facilities at such eye-camps. In the event of a serious or complicated case, the patient is always brought to Nagpur or taken to another town or city for proper hospitalisation. So far, her work at such eye camps has achieved resounding success, and she intends to intensify her efforts in this field of activity.

Dr. Sutaria was the founder vice-president of Junior Chamber and president of the Nagpur JC. She got actively involved in the movement because it gives women the right to membership on an equal footing and a right to vote. Secondly, she could develop through this organisation, wide social contacts covering the entire country. Through this, Dr. Sutaria admits her field of activities in the social and medical spheres have developed considerably. Even now, when she has crossed the age-limit for JC membership she remains an ex-officio member and adviser to their board.

Ophthalmology, like other branches of medicine, is fast advancing and there are new discoveries every day. To keep up with them, Dr. Sutaria makes an effort to attend every refresher course conducted by eminent eye surgeons the world over. Recently, she underwent two refresher courses under Mr. L. Fison, an eminent eye surgeon from U.K. She also took up a course in Essen, West Germany. If possible, she would like to take up photography of the inside of the eye, which would help her in her work. But the price of, and import duty on, such cameras are so prohibitive that she would have to think very carefully before she takes up this expensive venture.

Dr. Sutaria also has to her credit a DOMS and an FICS. Her performance in delicate surgery like retina detachment has been widely commended. Her popularity is obvious not only in Nagpur but also in some remote picnic spot where she may be spending her holiday.

V. Dev

LIMERICKS BY LADYBIRD

There was a young lady,
Miss Cummin
Spent hours on her old guitar strummin'
But she was a ham
Couldn't sing worth a dam
And confined herself only to strummin'

* * *

A silly young lady called Prue
Once dreamed that she really flew.
She lived on floor twenty
Of blood there was plenty
We shall now sing hymn hundred and two.

* * *

A racing car driver named Jill
Once had a spectacular spill.
Her head and her shoulders
Were found wedged in boulders
And the rest of her hit a high hill.

* * *

At singing, she quite failed to pass
Her voice could have dented old brass.
And when she sang high
The pitch of her cry
Could shatter tough window-pane glass.

* * *

A lady came here from Formosa
She was quite an eater and dozer.
When asked what she ate
She said, "Well, of late,
I only eat idli and dosa."

G. F.

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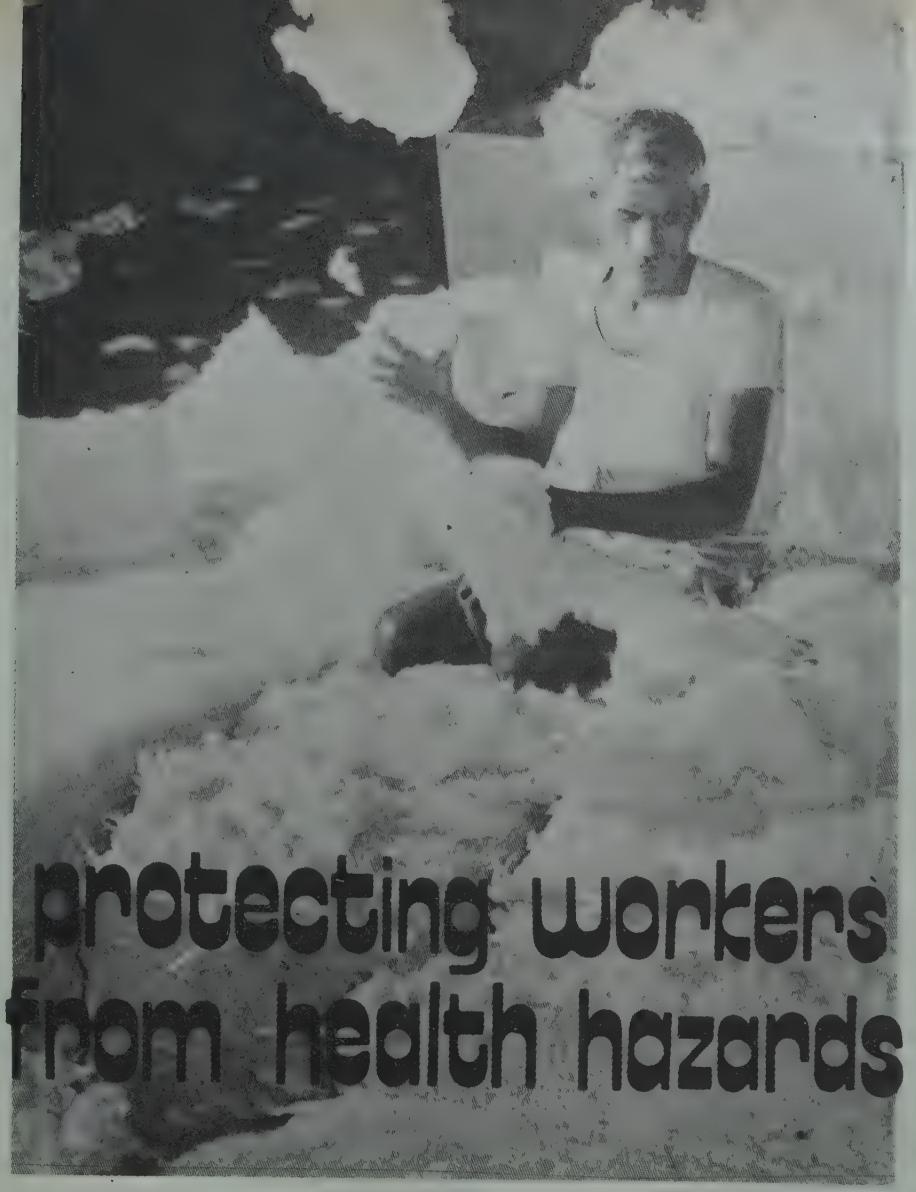

protecting workers from health hazards

The least we owe our workers is greater concern for their health

Shivanand Karkal

"Occupational health should aim at: the **promotion** and maintenance of the highest degree of physical, mental and social well-being of workers in all occupations; the **prevention** among workers of departures from health caused by their working conditions; the **protection** of workers in their employment from risks resulting from factors adverse to health; the placing and maintenance of the worker in an occupational environment adapted to his physiological and psychological equipment, and, to summarise, the adaptation of work to man and of each man to his job."

—First session of the joint ILO/WHO Committee on Occupational Health, 1950.

* * *

In any industrialised country, occupational health assumes great significance: the need to protect the health of the worker is obvious. The Indian Government, fully cognisant of the paramount importance of occupational health, has incorporated its essence in the Directive Principles of State Policy in the Constitution, relevant portions of which are— "(a) The State shall in particular direct its policy towards securing that the health and strength of the workers, men and women, and the tender age of children are not abused. . . (b) The State shall make provision for securing just and humane conditions of work..."

In this article, we shall be more concerned with the health hazards faced by women in industry and the various measures—legislative and preventive—in force to tackle these hazards.

WOMEN ARE SPECIALLY SUSCEPTIBLE

Women now constitute nearly 10 per cent of the total labour force in this country. In the non-organised sector, they are employed in large numbers in the construction industry—activities like lifting loads, breaking stones, etc. In the organised sector, a large number of industries employ women, though their number is showing a gradual downward trend for a number of reasons.

In the textile industry, for instance (which accounts for more than one-third of the total labour force in India), women are employed to the extent of 5-10 per cent.

Women are frequently employed in industries manufacturing storage batteries, paints, dyes, ceramics, etc. Till some time ago women were also largely employed in painting luminous watch-dials. The packing and consumer goods sector, particularly the pharmaceutical industry, accounts for another major segment of the female labour force. The detergent manufacturing industry — soaps, powders, etc — also rely heavily on women employees. Each of the above list of industries poses certain health hazards which we need to consider before going over to legislative and preventive aspects.

Take the strenuous activities involved in construction work, like lifting heavy loads, etc. Dr. P. V Thacker, an eminent industrial health authority, says, "It has been conclusively proved that excessive weight carrying, particularly from the tender ages of 15-16, leads to pelvic deformities, which can adversely affect the foetus when these women become pregnant. Abortions could also occur. If pregnant women lift and carry heavy loads, the resulting pelvic congestion can harm the foetus, perhaps cause abortion also. Now the Government has set up limits on the loads to be lifted by women — but only in the organised sector.

Women also face a number of health hazards in the organised sector. For instance, lead poisoning is a serious hazard for those working in industries making accumulators, car batteries, etc. Industries making blocks, types, paints, ceramics (glazed cups, saucers, crockery, etc), also expose their workers to lead. The slow absorption of this substance into the system leads to a disease called "plumbism" (lead poisoning). For women, lead is particularly dangerous because lead is an abortifacient (that is, a substance that causes abortion). There are a number of cases on record of abortions caused by lead absorption among such female workers. Consequently, the employment of women in industries like these, where such toxic substances have to be constantly handled, has been banned by the Factories Act.

In the textile industry, the main health hazard is a respiratory disease called Byssinosis, caused by inhalation of cotton dust.

Dr. V. P. Pathak, Industrial Physician, Tata Textiles, explains that women employed in the textile industry are restricted to the carding, combing, winding and folding sections where they are not exposed to cotton dust as much as workers in other sections. However, in the long run, women employed in even the apparently innocuous sections are liable to get Byssinosis.

The Indian Factories Act makes certain provisions to safeguard the health of women employees in industries. Some of the important provisions are: (1) Expectant mothers are granted 12 weeks' maternity leave and maternity benefit (cash payment, according to the Employees' State Insurance Scheme rules), (2) Free antenatal, natal and postnatal health services are provided, (3) Night work between 7 p.m. and 6 a.m. is banned, (4) Carrying excessive weights beyond a specified limit is banned under Section 34, (5) Women cannot be employed underground (mines, excavation, etc.), (6) Factories employing more than 30 women have to provide creches. These creches are to be managed by suitably trained medical or paramedical persons.

The various preventive methods that should be taken can be listed as follows :

(1) Preplacement Examination — Before any worker is employed, a thorough medical check-up is carried out.

(2) Periodical examination — Whereas ordinary workers should be examined at least once a year, in industries using toxic substances (lead, radium, etc) monthly examination should be carried out.

(3) Medical and health care services — The ESIS looks after the worker's as well as his family's health problems. Factories are required to provide first aid services and those with more than 500 workers must have an ambulance.

(4) Supervision of working environment — The Factory Medical Inspector must visit the factories frequently.

(6) Health education and counselling—Every worker should understand the hazards, if any, he faces. The importance of regular medical check-ups to detect any occupational disease must be impressed upon him. The use of protective devices like masks, gloves gumboots, etc. should be made clear to him.

LAWS ARE SELDOM ENFORCED

To enforce legisation and to see that adequate preventive measures are taken, Dr. Thacker explains that there are a specified number of Medical Inspectors per State. They are supposed to visit each factory in their jurisdiction at least twice a year routinely — and more often if any occasion calls for further inspection tours. "However, the National Commission of Labour—which was set up in 1968 and is consequently quite old, but whose report is still the Bible among industrial health authorities — found that just 60-70 per cent of the factories were actually inspected, and that too just once a year!"

The State Factory Inspectorate is said to be chronically understaffed. Thus there is only one Medical Inspector for the whole of Maharashtra State. The meagre government salary, the absence of decent travel facilities and many other factors make the job of Medical Inspectors a thankless one. Consequently, posts often fall vacant and are left vacant for months on end. All in all, the Inspectors find it humanly impossible to visit more than a factory or two

Continued on page 48

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DALDA

REFINED OIL brings out the natural taste of food

You can be sure you're getting the purest cooking oil when you buy Dalda Refined Oil. After all, behind the Dalda name there is a tradition of purity—purity that is immediately apparent from its clear colour. But food cooked with Dalda Oil is the best test of its purity: because Dalda Oil does not interfere with the taste of food cooked in it...allows the natural taste of the food you cook to come through. **Why settle for less—insist on Dalda Refined Oil.**

Dalda Refined Oil—from the makers of Dalda Vanaspati.

A Quality Product by Hindustan Lever

Three Way Flattery

MATERIALS :

Knitting Cotton: 2 balls each White and Orange, 1 ball each Brown and Green. (50 grams each) Crochet hook no. 14. 50 cms of lining material. 2 fasteners for bag.

MEASUREMENTS :

Bag : 27 cms x 16 cms. Belt : 70 cms x 9 cms. Slippers : 15 cms x 8 cms. (each of the 2 crochet pieces)

ABBREVIATIONS :

ch. = chain; tr. = treble; rep. = repeat; sts. = stitches.

BAG

With Orange thread work a row of 104 ch., turn.

1st row : 1 tr. in 3rd. ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, 2 ch., turn.

2nd row : 1 tr. in each of next 2 tr., join White thread, * in White 1 tr. in each of next 7 tr., join Green thread, 1 tr. in each of next 3 tr., in White 1 tr. in each of next 7 tr., in Orange 1 tr. in each of next 3 tr., rep. from * to end, 2 ch., turn.

3rd row : 1 tr. in each of next 2 tr., * 2 White tr. Join Brown thread, 3 Brown tr., 7 White tr., 3 Brown tr., 2 White tr., 3 Orange tr., rep. from * to end, 2 ch., turn.

4th row : 1 tr. in each of next 2 tr., * 4 White tr., 3 Brown tr., 3 White tr., 3 Brown tr., 4 White tr., 3 Orange tr., rep. from * to end, 2 ch., turn.

5th row : 1 tr. in each of next 2 tr., * 6 White tr., 5 Brown tr., 6 White tr., 3 Orange tr., rep. from * to end, 2 ch., turn.

6th row : As 4th row.

7th row : As 3rd row.

8th row : As 2nd row.

9th row : Work a row of Orange tr. to end, 2 ch., turn.

2nd to 9th rows form the pattern, rep. pattern 3 times more. Fasten off.

Shoulder Strap :

With Brown thread work a row of 10 ch., turn.

1st row : 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, 2 ch., turn.

2nd row: 1tr. in each tr. to end (9 sts.), 2 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd row till strap measures 100 cm in length. Fasten off. Line the bag and the strap with lining material. Fold to the width of 2 squares (out of the 5 squares) and join the side seams. Overlap the remaining portion onto the folded portion and fasten with 2 fasteners stitched to position.

Stitch strap to position.

A trio of bag, belt and slippers specially crocheted for the young teens, and all based on the same easy pattern. These snappy casuals are sure to flatter the most fashion conscious of youngsters.

BELT

With Orange thread work a row of 183 ch., turn.

1st row : 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, 2 ch., turn.

2nd row : 1 tr. in each tr. to end, 2 ch., turn (Orange).

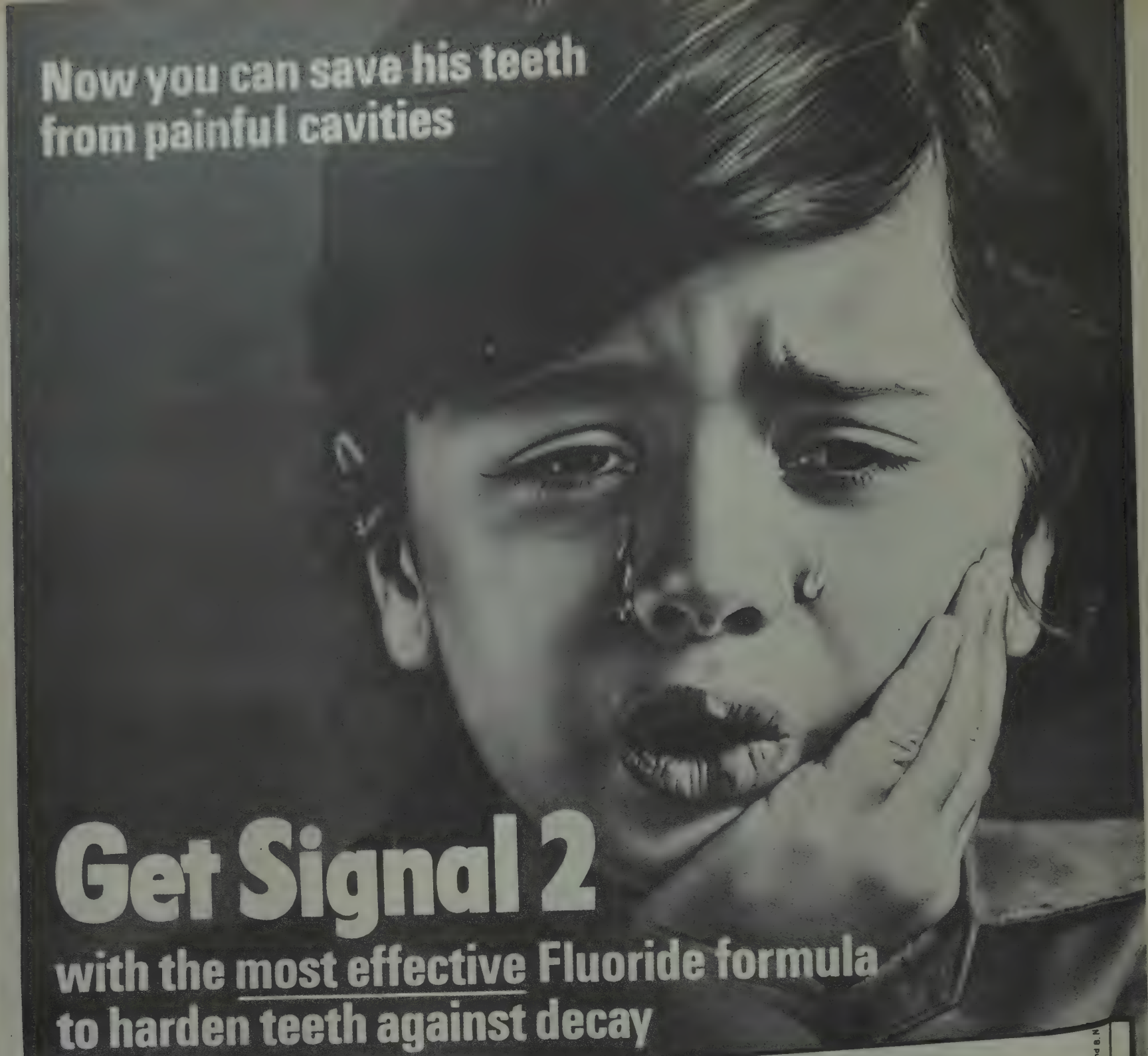
3rd row : 1 tr. in each of next 8 tr. (9 sts. including turning ch.) * join White thread and work 1 tr. in each of next 7 tr., join Green thread 1 tr. in each of next 3 tr., in White thread 1 tr. in each of next 7 tr., in Orange thread 1 tr. in each of next 3 tr., rep. from * once more, then work Orange tr. to last 46 sts., (7 White tr., 3 Green tr., 7 White tr., 3 Orange tr.) twice, work in Orange tr. to end, 2 ch., turn.

4th row : 1 Orange tr. in each of next 8 tr., (2 White tr., 3 Brown tr., 7 White tr., 3 Brown tr., 2 White tr., 3 Orange tr.) twice, work Orange tr. to last 46 sts., rep. the bracket twice and work in Orange tr. to end, 2 ch., turn.

5th row : 1 Orange tr. in each of next 8 tr., (4 White tr., 3 Brown tr., 3 White tr., 3 Brown tr., 4 White tr., 3 Orange tr.) twice, work Orange tr. to last 46 sts., rep.

Continued on page 47

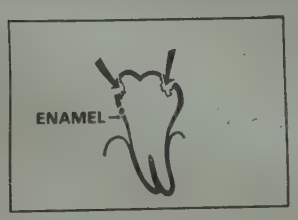
Photograph : Farokh Reporter



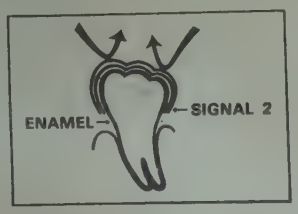
Get Signal 2

with the most effective Fluoride formula to harden teeth against decay

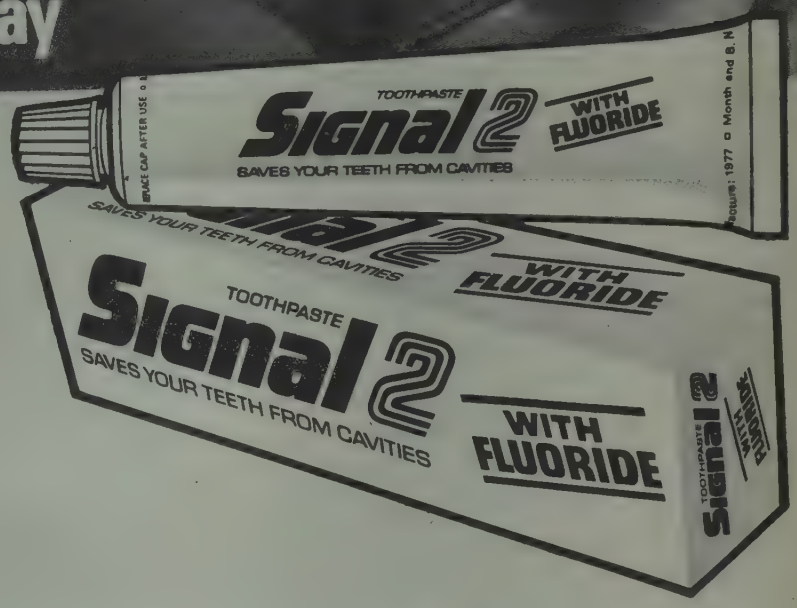
A toothache isn't just painful, it's a sign of tooth decay. Ignore it, and the decay goes deeper, leading to painful cavities.



Ordinary toothpastes can't stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.

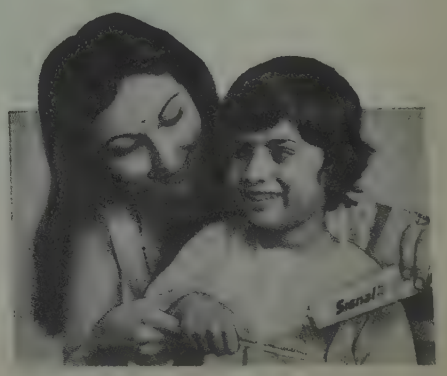


Signal 2 has the most effective fluoride formula to stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.



The cavity-fighter

Now, before it's too late, start your family on the toothpaste that is proven to fight tooth decay—Signal 2. Its special fluoride formula unites with the teeth to make them harder, more resistant to harmful mouth acids—and helps prevent cavities. No other toothpaste is better at fighting tooth decay.
Don't just take our word. Check with your dentist.



Signal 2 WITH FLUORIDE **your family's cavity-fighter**

A Quality Product by HINDUSTAN LEVER

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children's page

Kamal Aurora

RIDDLE ME REE

Q. What will make pies into dangerous men?

A. S will make spies out of them!

Q. If a waiter was carrying turkey on a plate and let it fall, which three nations would suffer?

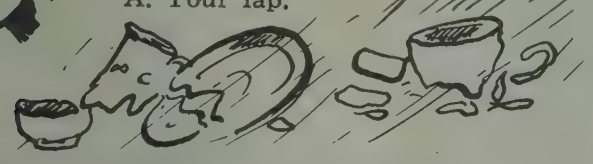
A. It would be the downfall of Turkey, the breaking up of China (plate) and the overthrow of Greece (grease).

Q. What is the beginning of Time?

A. T.

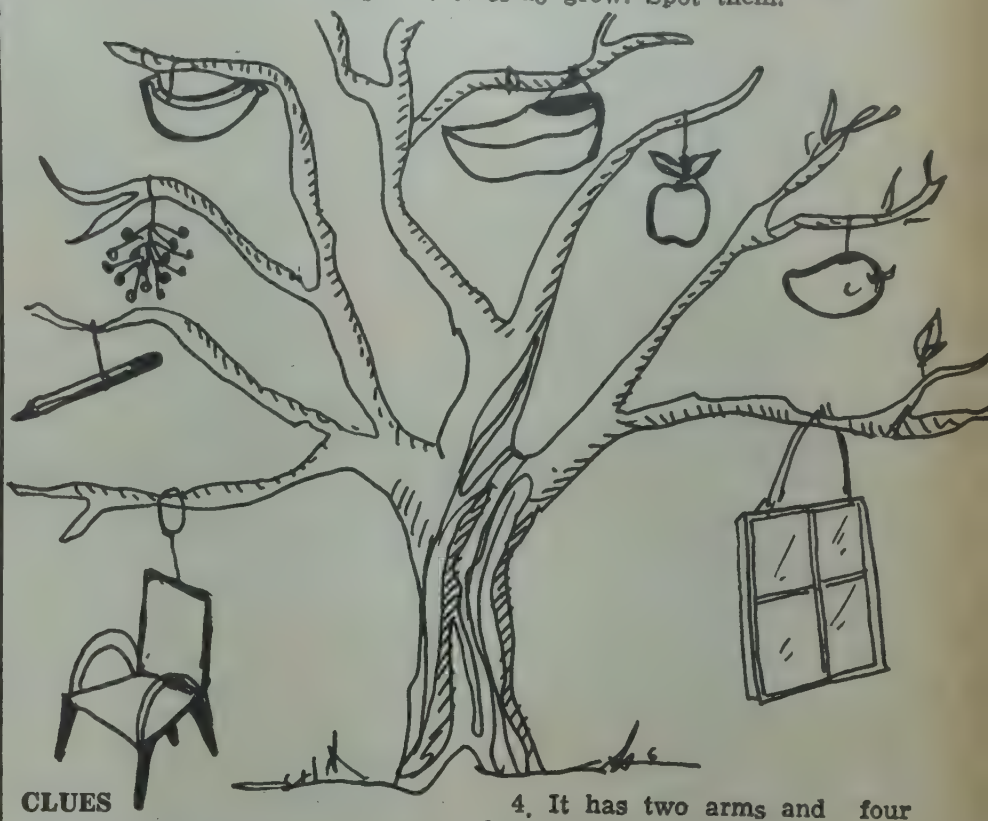
Q. What do you lose every time you stand up?

A. Your lap.



SURPRISE TREE

This tree grows a lot of strange things. There are 4 odd items that trees do not grow (but which are made from trees) and 4 items that trees do grow. Spot them.



CLUES

1. Red and small and rhymes with berries.

2. Juicy, yellow and delicious to suck.

3. You hold it between two fingers and a thumb.

4. It has two arms and four legs.

5. A is for -

6. Dutch children wear these.

7. A yellow, oblong fruit spelled with 3 "N"s.

8. It frames glass in your room.

THE ADVENTURES OF omphy-momphy tuk tuk

Omphy Momphy was given a rupee by an uncle who came to stay with his parents. Omphy Momphy was very pleased with this present. "What should I do with it, Mummy?" he asked.

"What do you want to do with it?" asked his mother in turn.

"I don't know," said Omphy Momphy, "but I will think about it."

As Omphy Momphy was leaving with his rupee, his mother said, "There are hundred paise in every rupee. Remember that."

"I can buy a sweet for ten paise," said Omphy Momphy. "So now I can buy many sweets."

"What do you mean by 'many'?" asked his mother. "You must have learnt some arithmetic and counting in class."

"Yes," said Omphy Momphy, "I know how to plus and minus."

"If one sweet costs ten paise, how many sweets will you get for 100 paise?" asked his mother.

Omphy Momphy was now not so happy with his rupee present. His mother was taking classes, it seemed.

"Many sweets," said Omphy Momphy and tried to run off.

"Come here, Omphy Momphy," said his mother. "Here are ten, ten paise coins. How many sweets can you buy?"

"If I have ten, ten paise coins I can buy ten sweets," said Omphy Momphy and was very happy to see his mother smile.

"That's right," she said. "Tell me what all you have bought with your one rupee when you come back."

With a wave Omphy Momphy ran off to play. He met Mun Mun who was very surprised to see the one-rupee note. What a lot of money!

"Let us buy a lot of things," said Mun Mun.

They went to a shop. Omphy Momphy looked at a beautiful toy aeroplane.

"I want to buy that," said Omphy Momphy to the salesman and gave him the rupee.

"I'm sorry, but the plane costs more than the rupee," said the salesman.

"Let's buy that cloth parrot," said Mun Mun.

"I'm sorry," said the salesman. "It costs more than one rupee."

"What about this toy train?" asked Omphy Momphy.

"Sorry," said the salesman.

The two boys looked at every item in the big shop and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. "I'm hungry," said Omphy Momphy. "I'm hungry too," said Mun Mun.

"Let's buy sweets," said Omphy Momphy. "We shall get ten whole sweets."

The two boys went to another shop and bought ten sweets. Sucking a sweet each they went home.

"You two took a long time shopping," said Omphy Momphy's mother.

"We looked at a lot of things," said the boys.

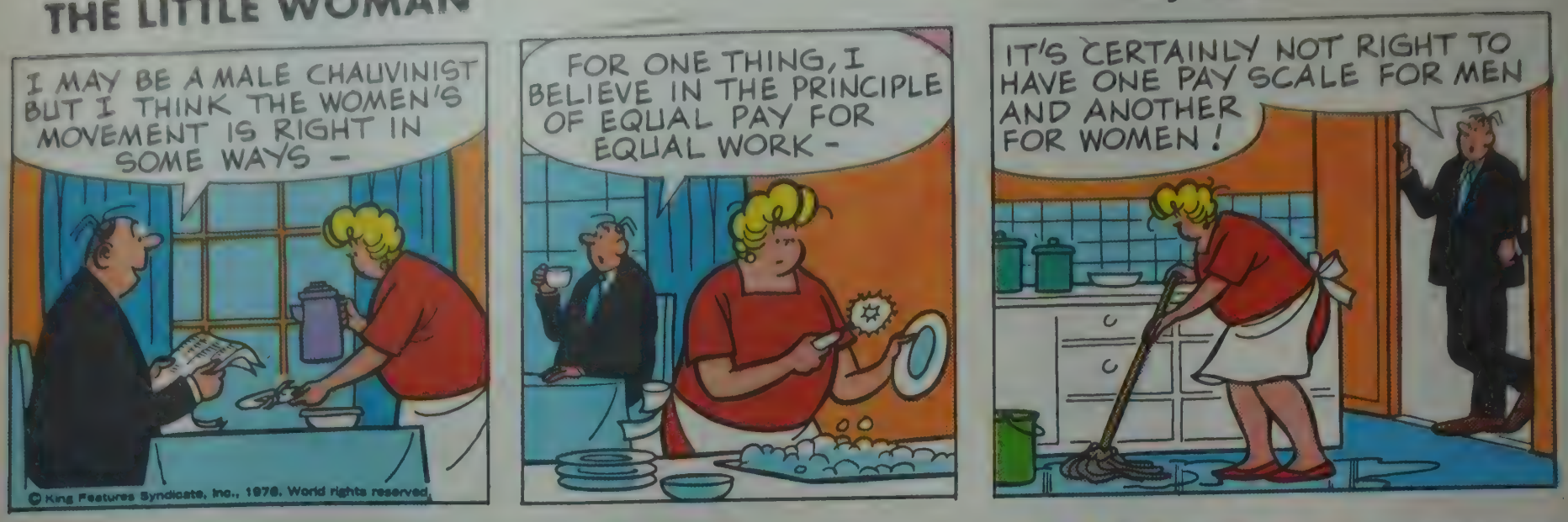
"And what did you buy after all that looking?" asked Omphy Momphy's mother.

"Sweets!" said the boys happily.

ANSWERS:
Surprise Tree
Odd items are: 3,4,6,8. Pencil, chair, klompen (wooden shoes), window.
Correct items: 1, 2, 5, 7. Cherries, mango, apple, banana.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin


I MAY BE A MALE CHAUVINIST BUT I THINK THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT IS RIGHT IN SOME WAYS -
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1978. World rights reserved.
FOR ONE THING, I BELIEVE IN THE PRINCIPLE OF EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL WORK -
IT'S CERTAINLY NOT RIGHT TO HAVE ONE PAY SCALE FOR MEN AND ANOTHER FOR WOMEN!
IF YOU DO A MAN'S WORK YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO DEMAND A MAN'S PAY!
9-5
?
WHAT'S THE GOING RATE FOR MALE FLUNKIES?

L. WOMAN

Sometimes a girl can attract a man with her mind, but it's easier to attract him with what she DOESN'T mind.

* * *

I had a little flower garden
But my love for it is dead.
For I found a bachelor button
In my Black-Eyed Susan's bed.

* * *

I wish I were a little fish,
A salmon or a bass. . .
I'd climb around the rocks and trees
And slide upon my. . .hands and knees.

* * *

It was lunch hour at the plant, and Pat's two buddies decided to play a little joke on him during his absence. They drew the features of a donkey on the back of his coat. In due time, Pat returned and presently hove in sight wearing the decorated coat.

"What's the trouble, Pat?" asked one casually.

"Nothing much," he replied equally indifferent, "only I'd like to know which of you wiped his face on my coat."

* * *

HA HA world of laughter

When a girl loses her head, it usually ends up on someone's pillow.

* * *

"Did you hear the one about the bridge expert being the father of twins?"

"Yeah, looks like his wife doubled his bid."

* * *

Two men, members of a religious order, wanted to smoke while walking in the garden.

They agreed that each would ask his superior for permission.

The first one returned to find the second one smoking and complained indignantly, "I was refused."

"What did you ask?" inquired the second one.

"I asked if I could smoke while meditating."

"Oh," said the other, blowing his smoke reflectively, "I asked if I could meditate while smoking."

* * *

The candidate for the police force was being verbally examined.

"If you were by yourself in a police car, and were pursued by a desperate gang of criminals in another car doing forty miles an hour on a lonely road, what would you do?"

"Fifty," promptly replied the candidate.

* * *

The pretty restaurant cashier had applied for a vacation.

"I must recuperate," she said, "my beauty is beginning to fade."

"What makes you think so?" asked the proprietor.

"The men are beginning to count their change."

* * *

The important man was about ready for his speech, when a news photographer was observed jockeying for a vantage point for an action shot. The chairman, fearing that the speaker would be annoyed, called the photographer and said: "Don't take his picture while he is speaking. Shoot him before he starts."

* * *

A marvellous bird is the pelican,

His bill holds much more than his belly can;

He can take in his beak

Enough food for a week

I'm darned if I know how the helican!

* * *

Compiled by: George Fegradoe

RAAKHEE:

IN RESTLESS PURSUIT OF PERFECTION

Vijaya Irani

She has been in films for a decade now, and has given memorable performances, one of which won for her the much coveted Best Actress Award. Yet she is dissatisfied, eager to improve upon her work

As Raakhee is not given to looking back, it was a pleasant surprise for us to remember suddenly that she has completed ten years in the film industry.

"This makes you quite a veteran," I commented tongue-in-cheek, because anyone who knows her well, knows that she treats every new script like she were a novice — a student probing the possibilities of its acting potential.

Ten years have washed over her, and she has reacted to every moment of it adjusting herself to the vagaries of time. This has been the result of her intensity - there is nowhere in her the complacence of a veteran, an old hand at the game.

LIKE NUTAN

Talk about her first two films, "Jeevan Mrityu' and "Sharmilee", I find, brings out an unconscious streak of impatience in her. Some time ago, when her award winning film "Sharmilee" was playing in Srinagar, while on location shooting, the entire unit went and saw it (for some maybe it was the second or third time), only she didn't go. Reason? "I can't stand watching myself with all those flaws. I have become more critical of myself and of the profession in general. As the years pass, I see so many flaws in my earlier work."

As far as interest in watching films goes, Raakhee is like Nutan, who once said to me that she never watches films with the avid interest that many other artistes display — neither her own, nor of others. The only time Raakhee does call for a viewing, and mostly it is only a reel or two, is when she wants to improve the next scene either for dubbing or acting or, in trade terms, for a better grasp on continuity. Another very striking comparison I can draw between the two actresses is their utter and total submission to their director.

"I still think I don't know how acting must be done," says Raakhee. But I have seen her before she gets to work on a new film. Her mind is like a taut high-tension wire, while she absorbs all the nuances of the role. She discusses the pros and cons of the story and her role with the director and script writer, the exact way a scene or dialogue needs to be done until both she and they agree. Very often I have seen such conferences hastily called in her make-up room, in between scenes, when she has been suddenly struck by some idea for improvement, or if a particular scene had been left out for further discussion at a later date.

> "I have become more critical of myself... As the years pass I see so many flaws..."

And once on the sets, she is like the sitar in the hands of the sitarist — responding beautifully as the director brings out the music of her artistry. After every scene, particularly those charged with emotion, as she returns from the eye of the camera, she is exhausted, she is drained of all energy. And I have seen three great directors getting so moved by her performance that one of them has shed tears more than once, another flung his cap high in the air and yelled out a riotous verse to express his happiness at her shot, and yet another rushed and warmly hugged her in an impulsive gesture of appreciation.

LIVES HER ROLES

Personally, she has come a long way since the beginning of her acting career in 1967-68. Time has tested her and critics and fans have accepted her as a great artiste. And in moments of weakness when she feels defeated by the burdens she has to carry as a woman, the memories of her triumph revives her drooping spirits and she is tempered steel again, the artiste who lives for her art.

That is what makes Raakhee tick — the search for artistic perfection, the urge to fulfil herself as an actress.

This is what sets her apart from other artistes. She is not content with being at the top. She wants to deserve being there.

Photograph : Girish Shukla

We begin in this issue a four-part story of those on the look out for the quick buck, of those who acquire affluence through murder and mayhem

PART ONE

TRAPPED!

Mayah Balse

I worked in a department store owned by Navneet Tandon. He was a very rich man because his father had left him a tidy packet when he died. Navneet and I had been in the same college and we were in Inter Commerce when news came of his father's death in Hong Kong.

I thought the event would come as a shock to young Navneet, but contrary to expectations he resigned himself at once to the loss and left college to manage the family business. He asked me to join him, assuring me of a job in his establishment. But I pursued my studies at the insistence of my old father who believed that the only lasting asset in the world was a good education.

After I finished my B. Com. with a First Class, Navneet renewed his offer. My father wanted me to become a Chartered Accountant because that would give me more scope. But I was having none of it. I was sick of studies and the past few months had been gruelling. Besides, I felt that with a foothold in a big organisation like Navneet's I would rise to the top through sheer dint of hard work.

My father had his own reservations about my accepting the assignment and he voiced them to me now. He was dead set against the idea of working under either close relations or extremely good friends. He felt this fouled up the relationship.

"Are you implying that Navneet will treat me shabbily?" I cried, incensed.

"Not at all," said my father puffing at his **bidi**. "But just remember, the relationship between an employer and his employee is quite different from that between two close friends. What's more there's no meeting ground between the two. However, you'll find that out for yourself."

Navneet had a shop in Hong Kong and another one in Bombay. He stocked everything from pounded spices to exotic silk sarees, and did roaring business by the looks of it. He had two Indian cars and a chauffeur-driven Mercedes Benz. The day I joined, he shook hands warmly and talked nostalgically of our college days.

"I thought you'd ditch me, old fellow," he said.

"How could you ever imagine that," I cried, "after our close association all these years?"

"You never know," he said "Friends change."

"Not I," I said. "Anyway, what kind of job did you have in mind for me?"

"Selling bras," he said. Then, when I looked startled, he laughed and slapped my back. "What did you think I'd give you, some namby pamby salesman's work? I want you to take complete charge of the Bombay department store, because I'll have to keep hopping between here and Hong Kong."

"You mean," I began, suddenly afraid of the immense responsibility.

"Don't be afraid, Chander," he said. "I know how brilliant you are! It will take you just a couple of months to pick up the work. There's a middle aged man looking after the show. Pritam Sinha is his name. But I detest that man. As soon as you learn the ropes from him, out he goes."

I was wary. "No, Navneet," I said. "I'd feel terrible if I deprived a man of his job. He must have a wife and children.. commitments...responsibilities."

"What does it matter to you, old chap?" he asked. "You will be getting a fabulous salary of 2000 rupees. Are you going to throw that away for some seedy looking accountant with one foot in the grave?"

I was silent. Two thousand rupees was a lot of money. Nothing to be sneezed at.

"All right," said Navneet. "If you feel so badly about it, I'll keep him on too for as long as you like. A few years more hardly matter. During this time you will learn the ropes and also the confidence to shoulder so much responsibility."

I went home, telling myself it was all right. The fact that Navneet had agreed to keep on Pritam Sinha for as long as I liked was balm to my uneasy conscience But when I told my father what had happened he said: "You better look out. I don't like the sly tactics of your stinking-rich friend."

"Father!" I almost shouted. "I won't have you slander Navneet He's a fine man. I've known him all these years..."

"All right, all right," he said. "Please yourself. I only wonder what your mother would have said, had she been alive."

I didn't reply. Mother had been a God fearing soul, with an even more sensitive conscience than my father's. I remembered the time she had stopped father from accepting a bribe, even when father told her you couldn't escape this sort of thing in the police force Perhaps he remembered the event too. He puffed on his **bidi** more violently, no doubt recalling his hectic days in the police force.

I was relieved he didn't try to stop me accepting employment with Navneet, but I had a thousand qualms when I went to meet Pritam Sinha in the department store on my first day of work. He was younger than I had imagined. When Navneet had spoken of a doddering old man with one foot in the grave, I had been led to expect a greying man with a slight stoop and spectacles. On the contrary, I stood face to face with a hefty, broad shouldered man, whose hair was jet black and whose face exuded warmth and virility.

As we shook hands, I said: "I thought you'd be much older. Sir."

"Who told you that?" he asked. "The boss?"

"Yes," I confessed.

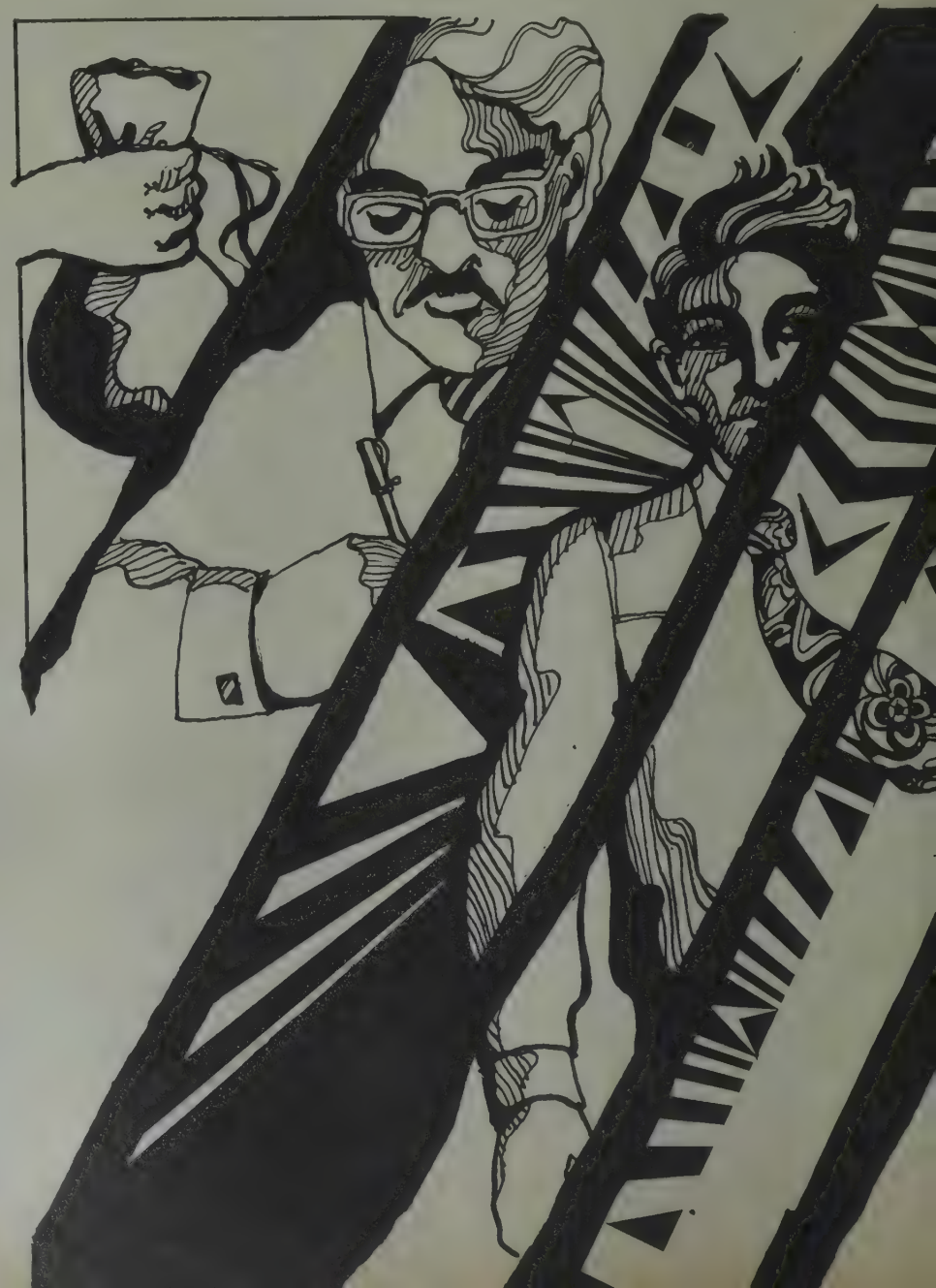
"Well, any man on the wrong side of forty must look so to a youthful boy in his twenties."

"Are you forty, Sir?" I asked amazed.

"Forty-two to be exact. And don't call me Sir, please. It sounds ...I don't know...so formal. Call me Pritam. We're all one big family here."

"Yes Sir," I said involuntarily. We both laughed and that kind of broke the ice between us.

The shop had several departments selling varied items grouped under different categories — electrical goods, furniture, hosiery, sarees, furnishings, toilet articles and perfumes. At the end of the day, bills from all the different sources were totted up on the cash register and we had to tally the cash in the drawer with the grand total. It seemed quite



easy to me. When I told Pritam Sinha this, he laughed and said cryptically, "That's what you think now."

"You mean there's more?" I asked.

"You bet," he said.

After the late shoppers had departed and the department store was about to close, two rough looking men came in with a bulging bag.

"How much is it?" asked Pritam Sinha.

"Four thousand and sixty two," said the man with the scarf knotted round his head.

"Right," said Pritam. "Close the doors and dunk it on the table."

The men did as they were told. I had never seen so much cash in my life. It was in ten-rupee, five-rupee, two-rupee and one-rupee notes and some loose change. There were a few hundred-rupee notes but they were negligible. I helped Pritam Sinha count the cash while the two men looked on. It took us a long time to do it.

When we had finished strapping notes of each denomination separately in neat bundles with rubber bands, Pritam Sinha gave the two men hundred rupees each and they went off.

"Don't we have to tally this with the bills?" I asked.

"There are no bills for these," said Pritam with a wry smile.

"Why?"

"Because this stuff is sold on the pavements."

"Oh, but isn't that illegal?"

"A lot of things go on around the city that are against the law, but that doesn't mean people stop doing them."

"I don't like it," I said.

"You'll like the reward that comes at the end of it," he said I thought he meant the pay I'd get from Navneet at the end of the month. But he handed me ten ten-rupee notes like he had done to the two men.

"What's this?" I asked. "Your cut," he said. "After all if you stay here till ten o'clock counting currency notes, you're entitled to be paid for it."

"I don't like it," I said.

"Please yourself," he replied. "But believe me, you'd be a damn fool to refuse."

"Does Navneet know what's going on?"

"Of course," he said. "Everything's done under his instructions."

"How long has this been going on?"

"For donkey's years. Here, dump this black money in a separate place, inside the panelling in the hosiery section. We don't want trouble with the audit."

When I went home with the hundred rupees, father asked, "Well how was the first day and why are you so late?"

"We had a celebration," I lied.

"Oh, then I suppose you're not going to have any dinner?"

"No," I had to say. I had no other alternative.

That night I couldn't sleep. It may have been my hunger or it may have been my conscience. I decided to talk to Navneet about it the next day. The idea of deception bored holes in my conscience. I kept the hundred rupees in a safe place in a box in the kitchen loft where I was sure father wouldn't find it. As I stepped off the stool, I upset some utensils which rolled helter skelter on the floor. The noise was deafening because it was an unearthly hour of the night and everything was dead still. Father came into the kitchen and switched on the light. Fortunately I had put the stool back in its place under the window, so he was not wise to my tricks.

"What the hell are you doing?" he cried. "I got the start of my life imagining thieves had broken in."

"I wanted to drink some water," I lied.

"For God's sake, why didn't you switch on the light, instead of groping in the dark?"

"I didn't want to wake you, father," I said. He grunted and said with some sarcasm, "Well you woke me anyway." Then he turned away from me and hobbled off to bed.

I went back and lay down in bed. That was when I had the strangest feeling. I felt mother's spirit hovering near in an almost diaphanous state. I sat up at once but it vanished. I felt sure she had come to warn me about something. Surprisingly I was not afraid. The living now posed more danger to me than the dead.

The first thing I did the next morning was go to Navneet's air-conditioned cabin. He looked up and smiled.

"Oh, hello, Chander," he said. "You're right on time. I want you to meet Lila." She turned round in her chair. I found myself looking into the quiet grey eyes of the most beautiful girl I had seen.

"I've told Lila so much about you," Navneet went on, "that she feels she's known you for ages. Don't you Lila?"

"Hello," said Lila, sticking out her hand for a greeting as they did abroad. "I'm Navneet's sister."

"Just back from finishing school in Switzerland," he said. "Do you find her finished, Chander? I've been telling her she still looks a trifle under-baked."

"Oh go on," said Lila. "Don't be a tease."

"She'll soon get right under a hot tropical sun," I said with a smile. I was thinking how much more becoming her beauty would look if she were draped in a russet saree with a **bindi** on her forehead and her hands folded in a politely coy namaste. She had an affected mannerism about her which needed Indian modes of behaviour to round off. Her two-piece suit and white blouse made her look like a mannequin from the pages of Vogue. Her hair was long and coiled into a coiffure on the nape of her neck.

Her eyes had an innocence about them and an unguarded chasteness. I was afraid for her. Now she would be plummeted wildly into an atmosphere which seethed with shady underground schemes. There was so much trust in the look she bestowed on her elder brother that I hadn't the heart to disrupt it with a showdown about yesterday's disgusting discovery. The man-to-man talk between Navneet and me could wait till after this fairy had departed.

She kept us entranced with her talk about her stay abroad, while Navneet called for tea. I rose and excused myself. I didn't want Pritam Sinha to be kept waiting too long. After all, this was just my second day of work.

"Oh, there you are," said Sinha, as soon as he saw me. "I thought you got cold feet after yesterday's events."

"No," I said.

"Good. Now look to the bill making will you? I will take a round of the various departments."

After that I was so busy that I did not have time to even look up from the cash register. When the shop closed for lunch, Pritam Sinha came back looking hot and worried. He wiped his brow.

"Where have you been?" I asked.

"There was trouble at those pavement shops in the Crawford Market area," he said. "I had to rush there. Anyway everything s fine."

"What happened?"

"A police raid. One of the fellows who came here with the bag of money yesterday evening panicked and began to run. They caught him."

"What did you do?"

"I gave the constable some money to let him go."

"And he took it?" I asked.

"Yes. He couldn't help it any more than you could last night. He's a poor man."

"Don't put me in the same class as those who take bribes," I snapped. I hated the sound of that word.

"Oh ho, so you fancy yourself high and mighty just because you're the boss's bosom pal, do you? If you want to be in this racket you've got to toe the line. And call a spade a spade."

"I hate this underhand dealing. Actually, I went in to talk to the boss about it this morning, that's why I was late coming to the cash counter."

"Oh, and what did he have to say?"

"I couldn't broach the subject," I said.

"Frightened, were you?"

"No. His sister from Switzerland was there and I didn't want to speak in front of her."

"Don't think she's so goody-goody," he said. "The tales I've heard about her would make you sink under the table with shame."

I don't know what got into me when he said that. I just punched him in the face with my fist. He staggered back against a chair in utter surprise, rubbing his bruise but he did not retaliate Maybe he understood just how I felt.

He was silent for a while, then he said: "You seem a nice, unspoilt boy. Take my advice and don't get too deep into this. Go away while the going is good."

Continued on page 29

THE VIBRANT PRINTS!

Still on the fashion popularity list are the printed sarees and they're likely to hold sway for many seasons to come. Prints bloom anew on light-weight nylon and American georgettes, burn in glowing colours on gajji satins or are cool on full voiles. The current selections are charmingly and lavishly printed with freedom —

ABOVE LEFT : Yellow and red flowers bloom in gay abandon on a maroon American georgette satin striped saree; while a green-pink-white traditional gajji satin saree has a lavishly printed blue, pink, yellow and white floral-creeper pallav.

ABOVE : Prints catch the eye . . . vivid, vibrant and vital! Two abstract printed nylon-georgette sarees have a riot of colours for evening wear; while the third in green and white scale design is high-lighted with orange flowers at the border.

LEFT : Perfectly suited for those happy moods of the moment. A yellow tulip printed full voile saree is styled into a cool, sophisticated halter-necked evening gown; while for the traditional touch, a green, pink and white gajji satin saree makes a smart salwar-kameez outfit.

Courtesy : Beekay Enterprise, Bombay.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

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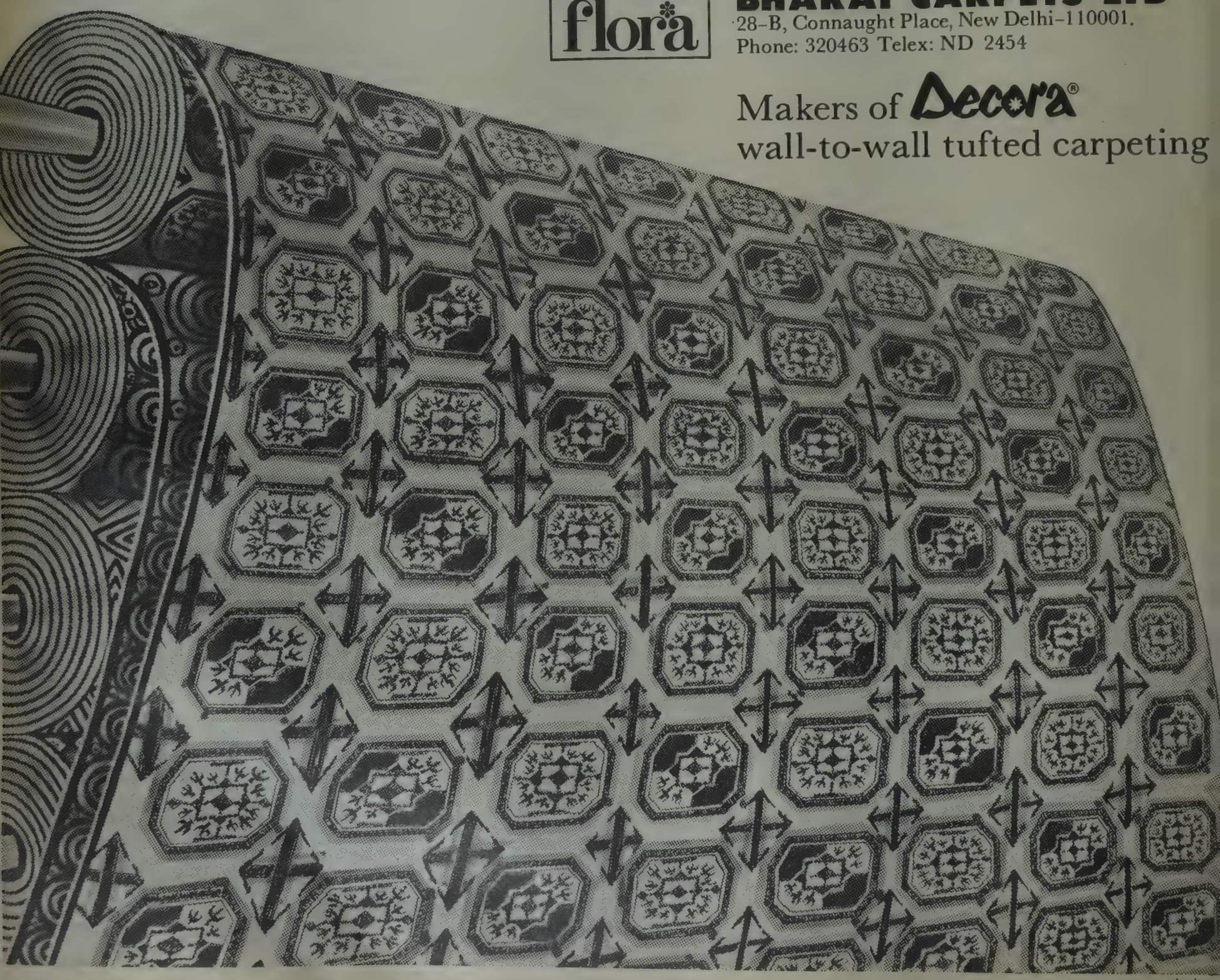

akshar

TRAPPED!

Continued from page 25

I wondered whether he meant to warn me about involvement with the girl or with my new job. Had he found out Navneet was getting set to fire him? It made me feel more than guilty. I touched his hand, "I'm sorry I hit you," I said.

We two were the only ones in the shop, the rest having gone off for lunch. Navneet didn't believe in staggering the lunch hour for salesmen and keeping the shop open all the time. Pritam Sinha and I didn't leave the shop at all. We had our lunch right there because it was sent to us by Navneet himself in a natty tiffin carrier that his personal servant conveyed from the boss man's house.

"How much do you know about Navneet?" Pritam Sinha asked me, as he finished his meal.

"I've known him from my college days," I said.

"And that was some three years ago?"

"Four," I said.

"Four years. Well, I've known him for twenty five. Ever since he was born, in fact. Actually, I came here not in his father's time, but his grandfather's time. The grand old man was just training Navneet's father to step into his shoes."

"You've worked here for that long?" I asked amazed.

"Yes. I've given the business the best years of my life," he replied.

It shocked me that Navneet had contemplated throwing Pritam Sinha out in spite of his long service. If he could deal so callously with him, how would be treat me, whom he'd known for just four years? This new slant reminded me of my father's warning but I brushed it aside. The relationship between Navneet and me was quite different. He had known Pritam Sinha only as an employee. I was his dear friend. This thought gave me some reassurance.

That evening there was a repeat performance of the events that had occurred last evening. The two men came with bags of money and we went through the familiar moves.

When I went home with my wad of hundred, as late as the previous night, father opened one eye and asked, "Had another celebration?"

"No," I said. "There was a lot of work in the shop."

"Doesn't your shop close at decent hours like respectable establishments?"

I didn't like the insinuation in his voice, but was powerless to protest against the veiled allegation. "Only prostitutes, pimps and those in nefarious underground trades work at this time," he said, "not respectable people. It is almost midnight."

I didn't reply but made my way to the kitchen to serve myself a meal.

As I sat at the table, my father came out. "If you're up to some shady dealing," he said. "I'll skin you alive."

He had a flawless record in life and I, his only son, was going to sully it beyond recognition. I poured the curry into a **katori** and helped myself to the stiff **chappatis** which lay wrapped in a towel on the table. The curd had turned sour. Something else had turned sour too, all unnoticed — the relationship between my father and me. I was no longer as happy and carefree as I had been in my college days. I had a burden of anxiety on my shoulders.

The next day Pritam Sinha didn't turn up for work. I thought he was paying me back for yesterday's belated arrival. I knew how to manage the counter single-handed by now and so I kept on with my job. When I looked up at the huge wall clock behind me, I was startled to see it was almost noon. Navneet hadn't come in either. I began to worry. I wondered if Navneet had sacked the man now that I had slid into the routine of work.

At lunch time the salesman went off and I closed the door and put a CLOSED FOR LUNCH tag on it. Then I sank into a chair. When somebody knocked at the door, I almost jumped out of my skin. It was only Navneet's servant with the lunch.

"Pritam Sinha is not here today," I said. "Lay out just one plate."

He did his duty poker faced.

"Do you know if he's on leave today?" I asked.

"I know nothing, Sir," he replied. "I just cook the food and carry it here." His sad eyes had seen many summers. His hair and whiskers were white. He was a retainer who'd been with the Tandon family for years and years. His name was Baloo, but to me he seemed nameless and ageless. He had looked like this even when he brought Navneet lunch in our first year at college

The day passed without further event. Yes, I tried to get through on the phone to Navneet at his residence, but he was not in. A girlish voice told me he was at the club. She wanted to know who was calling.

"Is that Lila?" I asked.

"Why, yes. How did you know my name?" She was new to Bombay and she felt surprised at my knowledge.

"We met yesterday in Navneet's cabin," I said.

"Oh, yes. How stupid of me," she laughed. "You're Chander." I laughed too. There seemed to pass some unspoken communion between us. We were speaking simultaneously. Then realising this, I suddenly stopped short.

"What were you saying?" she asked.

"I wanted to know if you have any idea why Navneet hasn't come to the store today."

"I don't know," she replied "He's just lazy I guess."

"Perhaps," I said. "But I don't know what to think about Pritam Sinha. He hasn't turned up either and I'm managing the store single handed."

"Oh," she said. "Shall I come and help you?"

"I don't want to give you any trouble," I said.

Somehow I wanted her to come, not to actually do any work but just to give me the immense pleasure of seeing her again. I'd been thinking of her all night when I hadn't been thinking of the black money.

"It's no trouble at all," she said. "Actually I was getting bored stiff at home. I've no friends here. I feel such an odd fish."

"You're a beautiful fish," I said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing. You can come over, but how will you get here? Do you know the way?"

"Oh, yes. I don't think I'll lose my bearings. I drove there with Navneet only the other day. There's a Fiat in the garage which I can handle. What more do I want?"

"A young man to look after you," I wanted to say. But didn't lest she think me too brazen. The very fact that she wanted to come out to the shop elated me no end. It meant she wanted to see me as much as I wanted to see her.

She came half an hour later, in a shell pink saree, looking flushed in the June sun, and my heart went out to her. How had she known my innermost desire to see her draped in a saree with that large **bindi** on her forehead?

"Hello," she said and we stared at each other for a moment Then she put her purse on the counter and got into Pritam Sinha's chair.

"I went via the club and tried to tell Navneet I was coming here," she said. "But he was preoccupied with his card game I tried to ask him about Pritam Sinha too, but he waved me away."

"I'm glad he waved you away." I said.

"What?" she asked in surprise. There was a subtle perfume about her, a bead of sweat on her brow, which the air conditioning hadn't dried up yet.

"I'm glad he waved you away because if he hadn't, you'd still be looking for Pritam Sinha instead of being here beside me."

She looked archly at me and my heart pounded wildly.

"You wanted to see me again, didn't you?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied in a whisper.

"You know?" she confessed. "I wanted to see you, too."

With her beside me, the afternoon just whizzed past and it was time to close. Suddenly it struck me that the two men with the bag of money would be coming. I didn't want her to be exposed to the sordid sight.

"Look," I suggested. "Why don't you run along to the car? I'll just lock up and join you."

"OK," she said. "But don't be long. I'm very impatient."

Hardly a few minutes after she had gone, the two men came in with the money.

"How much is it?" I asked mechanically.

"Five thousand and twenty-seven," said one.

I took it from them and gave them a hundred rupees each as the practice went. They salaamed me briskly and departed. I didn't wait to count the money. In fact I didn't even bother to take my cut. I went straight to the hidden spot in the hosiery section lugging the bag with me. I couldn't keep Lila waiting for long. Besides, I didn't think it mattered very much whether I counted it or not. The men had told the right figure on two consecutive occasions. There was no reason for them to be wrong the third time.

I slid the panelling aside to haul the loot in and stood back aghast. As I slid the panel the corpse of Pritam Sinha rolled out and fell with a thud at my feet.

To be continued

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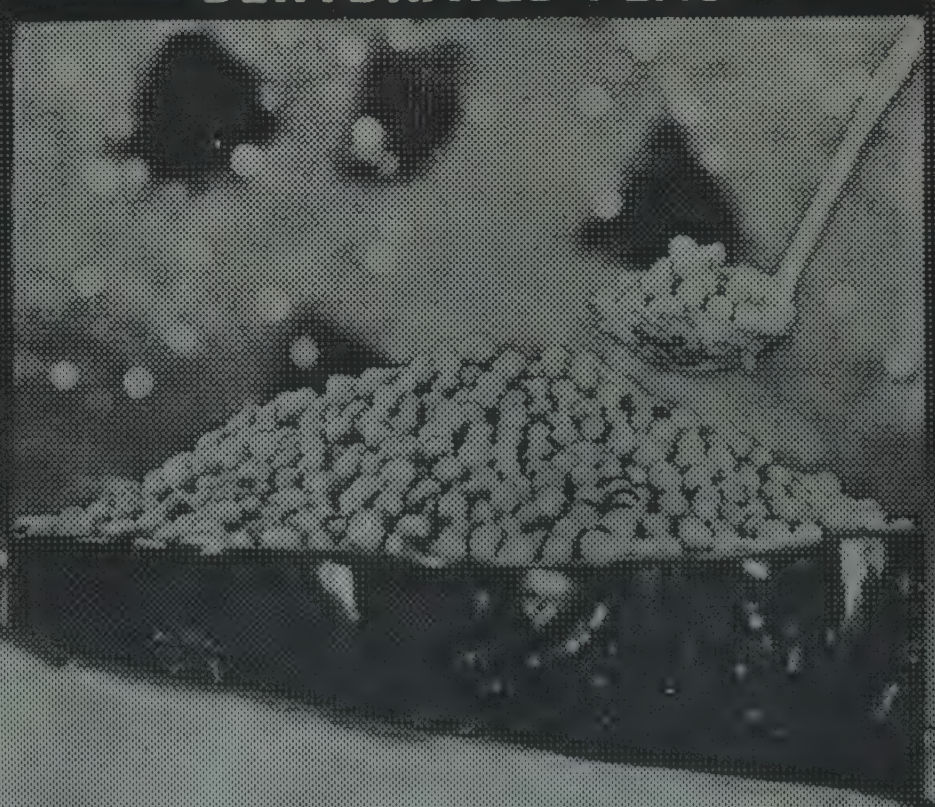

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PERSONAL CHOICE

FARE-E-PUNJAB

"Entertaining gives me a chance to show off the dishes I excel at," says Mrs. Ranjana Basistha. A good cook ever since she can remember having tried her hand at using the ladle, she loves experimenting with various dishes and more often makes wonders out of her own recipes. Like all Indian girls, she learned the art of cooking by watching and helping her mother. A Delhi born vegetarian, she learnt non-vegetarian cooking after her marriage. With an appreciative husband, the source of her cooking inspiration has come through entertaining his guests regularly. She enjoys both Indian as well as Continental cooking. But when entertaining friends she prepares her favourite Punjabi specialities.

Apart from her cooking talent, Ranjana tries her hand at painting, embroidery and stitching pretty dress s for her two-year-old daughter.

SHAHI BADAM CURRY

50 grams khoya
100 grams almonds
100 grams cashewnuts
50 grams makhana
2 medium size tomatoes (pulp)
½ cup curd
1 tsp garam masala
Ghee or oil to fry
Chilli powder
½ tbsp. turmeric powder
1 tbsp. coriander powder
Salt to taste
Coriander leaves, chopped

GRIND TO A PASTE:

2 onions
8 to 10 flakes garlic
A small piece of ginger

Soak almonds in water for ½ an hour till skin is soft. Fry peeled almonds, cashew nuts and

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makhana into light golden colour and keep aside. Put 2 to 3 tbsps. of ghee and fry the ground masala. When it turns brown add tomato pulp, chilli powder, salt, turmeric powder and coriander powder to taste. Fry for 5 minutes. Add curd and mix well. Fry the khoya till oil separates from masala. Now add all the dry fruits, put 2 to 3 cups of water and simmer. Lower the heat. Let it cook for fifteen minutes, till the gravy thickens.

Put garam masala and chopped coriander leaves before serving.

CHICKEN DAHIWALA

2 kg chicken
40 grams white sesame (til)
40 grams poppy seeds
100 grams red chillis, (soaked in water)
6 medium size tomato (pulp)
Coriander leaves, chopped
Garam masala to taste
Salt to taste
1 cup curd

GRIND TO A PASTE:

6 medium size onions
1" piece ginger
A small pod garlic

Soak red chillis, poppy seeds, white sesame separately in water for half an hour. Grind chillis and keep aside. Grind poppy seeds and sesame together in a mixer to a fine paste.

Marinate chicken pieces with curd, ground garlic, ginger paste and half of chilli paste. Keep aside for 2 to 4 hours.

Fry onion paste till brown, add tomato pulp, remaining chilli paste and ground poppy seeds and white sesame. Fry till it is done. Add salt to taste, then put marinated chicken into the masala, cook for half an hour on high flame till the curd is absorbed. When ghee separates, add one cup of water. Cook the curry for 10 minutes and simmer. Garnish with coriander leaves and a sprinkle of garam masala powder.

MILKMAID MEWA KHEER

2 tins condensed milk
1 cup rice
6 to 7 cups water
Sugar to taste
Dry fruits (Mewa)
20 grams almonds, chopped finely (optional)
20 grams cashewnuts, finely chopped
50 grams pistachios, finely chopped
10 grams dry coconut, grated
20 grams raisins
10 green cardamoms, powdered

Soak rice for half an hour and cook in 6 cups of water, till finely cooked. Cook on slow fire and add tinned milk and cook for 10 to 15 minutes till it is little thick (add one cup of water if it is too thick) add sugar to taste. Now add powdered cardamoms, coconut and all other dry fruits and cook it for 5 minutes. Cool and garnish with silver foil and powdered green cardamoms before serving.

METHIWALI MAKKI KI ROTI

4 cups maize flour
A small bunch fenugreek leaves (methi)
3 to 4 flakes garlic, chopped
2 green chillis, chopped
Chilli powder to taste
Salt to taste
½ tsp. thymol (ajwain)
Coriander leaves, chopped

Cut fenugreek leaves finely, wash and drain the water. Grind garlic. Knead maize flour with lukewarm water along with fenugreek leaves, garlic, salt, thymol, chillis and coriander leaves. Knead well to make soft dough into 8 to 10 equal portions. Press between your palms to make a roti. Apply ghee on tava and fry. Serve hot with butter, jaggery or curds and turnip or cauliflower pickles.

cuckoo lal
Save time by peeling lots of potatoes at one go — they will keep for a week in cold water in the fridge — change the water everyday.

MINCE STUFFED KARELA

250 grams mince meat
1 kg medium size bitter gourd (kerala)
1 onion, finely chopped
4 flakes, chopped garlic
A small piece ginger, chopped
2 green chillis, chopped
1 tomato, chopped
1 tsp. coriander seeds powder
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
Chilli powder
Salt to taste
3 tbsps. ghee
½ tsp. cummin seeds
2 cloves, powdered
1 stick cinnamon, powdered

Scrape and slit bitter gourds. Put salt and leave it over night. Cook minced meat with chopped onion, garlic, ginger, chillis, tomato, and powdered masalas. Roast meat till tender and dry. Wash and squeeze the gourds to remove the extra salt in it. Fill in cooked mince meat and bind it with thread. Fry it on medium flame till it is crisp and golden in colour.
Serve with sliced tomatoes and onion rings.

MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our weekly cookery contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize, 1) A non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9-cup Storefresh container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) WEIKFIELD'S Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Ice Cream Mix Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) A book, "Eve's Guide to Fashion, Beauty, Cookery and Childcare" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.

So, send in your best vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with photograph and coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Apollo Street, Bombay 400 023.

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recipes from our readers

Mrs. L. M. Costa, Bombay.

BRINJALS STUFFED WITH MASALA

½ kg small round brinjals

FOR GRINDING:

1 dstsp. pepper
1 tsp. cummin seeds
1 tsp. mustard seeds
2 dstps. coriander seeds
1 pod garlic
2 pieces cinnamon
12 cloves
1 onion, sliced
½ tsp. aniseeds
2 dstsps. poppy seeds
1" piece turmeric
½ coconut
Salt to taste
½ cup cooking oil

Broil separately, coriander seeds, cummin seeds, mustard seeds, poppy seeds, and coconut cut in pieces. Grind all masala with a dessert spoon of salt.

Slit brinjals lengthwise in four halways. Stuff each with a little masala. Heat oil, fry onion, and the remaining ground masala. Add brinjals, 2 cups masala water. Cook for ½ hour, on slow fire, till done.

Mrs. J. Pereira, Mysore.

BITTER GOURD MASALA

2 bitter gourds
4 large onions
1 bunch coriander leaves
4 large red tomatoes
Tamarind (size of one big lime)
1 piece of jaggery
Oil to fry

FOR MASALA:

2 tsps. chilli powder
½ tsp. saffron powder
½ tsp. mustard powder
½ tsp. cummin seed powder
Salt to taste

Slice the bitter gourds very fine in circles. Remove all the seeds, if any. Soak it in salt water for 5 - 10 minutes. Then wash it. Slice the onions very finely. Chop tomatoes and coriander leaves and keep it separately.

Now fry the onions in the oil. When the onions change colour slightly, add the sliced bitter-gourds. Fry it well along with the onions until the bitter gourds lose its tender look.

Put in the masala and saute for a few minutes. Add tomato, salt and the piece of grated jaggery. Use a little water and cook for a few minutes until the bitter gourd is tender. Add the tamarind pulp. Stir it, and garnish with coriander leaves. Serve hot with chappati.

NOTE: The tamarind pulp must be nice and thick.

Shalini Issac, Binaguri.

TOMATO PULAO

2 cups basmati rice
¼ kg tomatoes, chopped finely
4 medium onions, chopped finely
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped
8 cloves garlic
1½" piece ginger
¼ cup green peas
25 grams raisins (optional)
25 grams cashewnuts (optional)
1 tsp. chilli powder
A pinch of cardamom powder
1 tsp. sweetened cummin seeds
½ tsp. cummin seeds
2 to 3 tsps. brandy
5 tbsps. butter
Salt to taste
½ tsp. turmeric powder
½ tsp. coriander seeds

Grind garlic and ginger into a fine paste. Grind and fry together chilli powder, turmeric powder, coriander seeds, cardamom, cummin seeds, sweetened cummin seeds, coriander leaves. Melt butter and fry garlic, ginger paste. onions and tomatoes. Clean and wash the rice. Add rice to the above fried ingredients. Add the washed green peas also then add water equal to twice the quantity of rice and salt to taste. Add brandy. Pressure cook it for six minues. Garnish with hard boiled eggs (optional), boiled green peas and fried raisins and cashewnuts. Serve it hot.

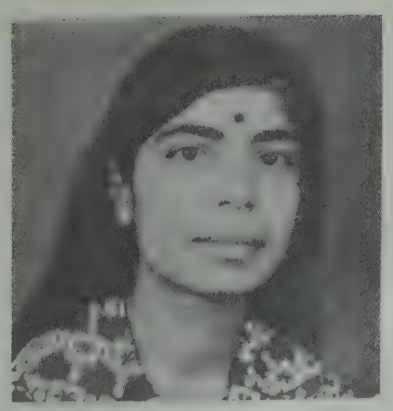
Miss Meenakshi Vasta, Kota.

KELE KA HALWA

5 ripe bananas
200 grams sugar
125 grams ghee
125 grams khoya
2 tbsps. cashewnuts
1 tbsp. raisins
1 tbsp. chironji
A pinch of cardamom powder
1½ cups water
¼ tsp. green colour

Put khoya in a frying pan and fry till golden brown. Keep aside. Fry cashewnuts in little ghee and keep aside. Peel the bananas and mash them. Mix water with green colour and sugar and put on fire, till sugar dissolves. Remove from fire. Add mashed bananas to sugar syrup. Cook on slow fire till the ghee appears on the sides of the vessel. Add khoya and mix together. Remove from fire. Add raisins and cardamom powder. Mix well. Put in a thali. Decorate with fried cashewnuts and chironji. Cut into pieces. Serve when cold.

1 weekly winner



Miss V. Jagwani of New Delhi, wins Rs. 50; for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9-cup Store-fresh container from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

MUTTER KHEER

250 grams fresh peas, ground
2 litres milk
125 grams sugar
125 grams pure ghee
6 small cardamoms, powdered
Few cashewnuts and raisins
A little rose essense

Heat ghee in karahi. When hot, put a little cardamom powder and then ground peas. Place on a slow fire. Stir well till light golden brown. Add more ghee, if necessary. Add boiled milk and sugar and cook on a slow fire. When this becomes thick like "kheer", add all dry fruits and rest of the cardamom powder, before removing from the fire. Add a few drops of essence.

ATTENTION, COOKERY ENTHUSIASTS!

Each recipe for the weekly and monthly contests and Recipes From Readers' page must be accompanied by this coupon. Those not accompanied by the coupon and a passport size photograph will not be considered for publication.

Each entry should be accompanied by an adequately stamped envelop if you wish to have your recipe and photograph back, if rejected.

Address your entry to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Bombay Samachar Marg, Fort, Bombay-400 023

true confession

I REJECTED MY ADOPTED CHILD

I WANTED A CHILD SO BADLY, AND MY SISTER HAD TOO MANY. BUT WHEN I ADOPTED HER YOUNGEST, I DIDN'T WANT IT AFTER CELEBRATING ITS FIRST BIRTHDAY

I couldn't believe my ears when Sulu said, "I don't want this child, Paru, I'll do anything to get rid of it." Here Sandeep and I had tried in vain for years to have children, at least one child, who would fill our hearts with happiness. But we had failed. For years after our marriage, we hoped some miracle would give us the child we desired so desperately. But I had only abortion after abortion. We carried out extensive blood tests and found some Rh + and — factor was responsible for our predicament. My mother made the round of temples and offered donations to pujaris, but in vain. There was not a glimmer of hope.

God gives some people everything. Sulu and I were twins, born within five minutes of each other. I would have thought our fates would be similar, but it was not so. I don't know what happened. Perhaps the planets changed their position within just five minutes and doomed me to a barren life.

We looked identical. So many people mistook us for each other in our childhood. Even later, when we were in school our hair tied in neat pigtails, they found it difficult to tell us apart. The teachers were always punishing Sulu for some offence of mine and vice versa.

When we finished college, mother began to look for grooms in right earnest. Two eligible boys were found, who were willing to marry Sulu and me. Both of us were attractive besides being accomplished in a large range of attainments from music to stitchcraft.

I got married first. Sulu was keen on finishing her M.A. before she settled down. I was sick of studies and the prospect of married life was exciting in the extreme. I was only nineteen years old when I was formally wed to Sandeep and despatched to a new and unfamiliar life amid tearful farewells.

Sandeep and I were very happy in those early years. I cooked and kept house and looked after his every need. In fact, we were so well matched, I felt we couldn't have done better than marry each other.

The only fact which marred our happiness was my inability to conceive.

Sulu got married two years after me. When I heard from mother that she was pregnant the very next year, I couldn't suppress a twinge of envy. I didn't even want to visit her, though both our husbands were stationed in the same town. The very thought of her getting something I had desired with all my heart, burnt holes in my being.

She came over with her husband one day, but neither she nor I commented on her condition — I, for the reasons already mentioned and she, perhaps not wishing to highlight my misery by talk of the forthcoming birth.

Thereafter, there was a kind of void between Sulu and me. In school and right through college, we had been very close, so our lack of rapport came as a surprise to my mother. When she visited me, she found I knew little or nothing of what Sulu was doing with her life, and Sulu knew as little about me.

"What's the matter with both of you?" she asked me one day. She had come to visit me, bringing information about some swamiji who was visiting the city and to whom she wanted to take me. I was curt with her. I was sick of her jaunts to dubious holy men, of standing in long queues in eager anticipation, of waiting with breathless excitement for something to happen and spending sleepless nights because it didn't.

"I'm not going anywhere with you, mother," I stormed. "I'm sick of it all." She touched my shoulder gently, trying to coerce me. I shook off her hand.

"Am I inferior to Sulu just because she can have a child?" I cried. Then all the bitterness of the past few years welled up and spilled out. I didn't try to choke back the sobs which wracked my body.

"I'm sorry Paru," she said. "I'm sorry."

She didn't talk to me about the subject again. Perhaps she felt it was too charged with emotion and best left alone.

Thereafter a constraint began to develop even between my mother and me. She had utter faith in the power of miracles and I was beginning to lose it.

I stopped doing my daily ritual of puja, even stopped those sporadic visits to the temple. Sandeep, my husband, noticed this change in me, but didn't comment on it.

I, on my part, was grateful to him for his silence. Yet I felt a void within me which could not be filled by his ardent love or tender reassurances. I was constantly on edge in the presence of strangers and even in proximity with my family members like my parents or brothers. For though I tried my best to keep out of their way, we were compelled by circumstances to visit each other at formal functions like religious festivals, anniversaries and weddings. I would have preferred not to go at all, but Sandeep felt it was not right to behave like social outcastes just because we couldn't have children.

"It is the will of God," he said, "no reflection on either you or me as human beings."

At one such function, my young brother's engagement ceremony, I heard that Sulu was going to have a fourth child. My envy turned to bitterness when mother told me she intended to have an abortion. I tracked her down to the bedroom where she was having a huddled consultation with mother.

"You have no right to end this life," I protested. She stared at me and said coldly. "I can't afford another child at this stage."

"You don't know when you're well off," I cried.

I felt on the verge of tears. It was mother who came to the rescue. "Bhasker has lost his job again," she told me. Bhasker was Sulu's husband. He was a rolling stone, always drifting in and out of jobs. Of course, Sulu and he never starved, because he always managed to find another one through the intervention of various relatives who were ready to help Sulu.

"There's always a way out," I said.

Sulu touched my arm and said slowly, "Will you take this child and bring it up as your own, if I go through with it this time?"

Mother held her breath, afraid that Sulu had hurt me, terrified of the hostility that had been building up between us over the

years. But I had given up all hope of having children of my own. Her words were music tc my ears and my head began to hum with excitement.

"Yes, yes," I promised. "I will adopt your child."

In time a son was born to her. True to her word she had the child sent to me straight from the hospital. I had already told Sandeep about my pledge to Sulu and he had bought all the paraphernalia for the newcomer. Those first few months were the happiest. I stitched clothes for the baby, fed him tenderly and lay awake through the long hours of the night, anticipating his smallest whimper.

We called him Suraj because he had brougnt the sunshine back into our dreary lives. His presence boosted my spirits no end. At last I felt a complete woman. Everyone in the family had decided never to let him know that I was not his real mother. One year passed and we had a party to celebrate his first birthday. It was the turning point of my life.

There were fireworks to celebrate the event and though the children who had been invited clapped and danced at the explosions, I found my son did not as much as turn his head. I kept my misgivings to myself, till the guests had all departed and Sandeep and I were alone with the debris of dirty plates on the table. Suraj was playing quietly on the floor. I picked up a tray laden with crockery and dropped it inches behind him. It made such a racket that Sandeep cried out, "What're you doing?" But Suraj didn't even bat an eyelid. He sat there blissfully unaware of the sound, playing quietly with a set of building blocks that somebody had given him as a present.

"Sandeep," I cried, terror struck. "Suraj is deaf. He can't hear. Don't you see? He's stone deaf." I was getting hysterical. Sandeep held me by the shoulders and shook me back to my senses. "You can't jump to conclusions just because the child didn't react," he said. "We'll have to make sure, show him to a doctor, carry out tests."

It was no use. Through the weeks we were convinced he lived in a soundless world. It was the most disturbing moment of our lives. I had lived for the moment when he would first say, "Ma," and thrill me with his lisping accents. And now I would never hear his voice.

Sandeep was callous in his reaction to the tragedy. "Why did you agree to take him?" he asked harshly. "We were better off without a child than with a handicapped one."

"Suppose we had had one of our own," I cried. "Would you have disowned him just because he was blind or lame or crippled?'

"But he's not ours, don't you see? Give him back to Sulu."

I resisted his suggestion in the beginning, but then it got so bad, it began to scur our marriage, the happiness we had held so dear in those early years of our life together.

One day, when Sandeep was in his office I went to Sulu's house with the child. Sulu was surprised to see me. All these months, I had not paid her a visit, being totally absorbed in my new and demanding role as mother.

She fussed over me and made me stay for lunch. She said her husband was out on tour and the children were at school.

"Does Bhasker have a job now?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "He's had it for a few months now and he's doing fairly well, too, though it does involve a lot of touring."

'Sulu," I said softly, "I wonder if you will take it badly if I ask you something."

"What is it?" she asked. She had Suraj on her lap.

"Do you miss him?" I asked gently.

"Seeing that I never had him at home, how can I miss him?"

"I don't know," I replied. "But being his flesh and blood mother you may have at some time regretted having given him to me."

"What are you trying to say?" she cried.

"You know. . . at some moment in the hospital. . . or later, when you came home, you may have felt you shouldn't have given him away. . . but you had to abide by your words and so you surrendered him. . ."

She didn't reply for a while, but sat staring into space.

"How astute you are, Paru," she said. "I didn't think anybody would sense my innermost feelings, but you have. Maybe because we are twins. Do you believe in telepathy?" "No."

"I did feel exactly as you have so correctly guessed. . . in hospital and later when Bhasker secured a good job. I felt so acutely lonely and desperate that I had half a mind to come to you and plead with you for the possession of my son. I thought to myself a hundred times. . . what if someone tells him when he grows up that I am his real mother? Maybe not someone from the family but a third person, somebody who is entirely unconnected with us, but knows the history. How will my son feel, I wondered, to know that his own mother disowned him?"

I didn't speak. Just sat by quietly and let her talk.

"Once I went to mother and told her my innermost feelings, but she prevented me from coming to you. She felt I had no right to demand back what I had given away willingly."

I touched her hand gently.

"If you want him back now," I said, "you are welcome to have him. I won't stand in the way."

She stared at me in surpirse and tears sprang to her eyes.

"Has mother been talking to you?" she asked. "No," I said. "I just feel sorry, that's all."

Sulu took the child back. All the family were surprised, most of all my mother, who knew the desperate longing I had for a child of my own. The adjustment wasn't too hard on Suraj because Sulu and I looked identical. Besides, after all she was his real mother.

Nobody knew at that stage why I gave him up. Sandeep has promised not to tell them. But they will find out by and by. You can't hide a disability like that forever.

QUIZ

HEGMAN

1. What revered relic of Lord Buddha is kept in a temple in Kandy, Sri Lanka?
2. Which is the oldest known Indo-European language?
3. What was Rembrandt's first name?
4. Which famous man's daughter Oona married which famous man?
5. Which country's capital is named after its first President? What is the name of the city?
6. In Shakespeare's play "Julius Caesar" Calpurnia was: a poet, a friend, Caesar' wife?
7. Another name for the deadly hamadryad?
8. What sport was once called "Poona"?
9. Which other U. S. President, besides Richard Nixon, resigned nis office?
10. Which is the first animal listed in any good English dictionary?
11. What is the word for a coil of hair worn at the back of a woman's head?
12. If Mrs. Deshpande has six daughters and each has one brother, how many children does she have?
13. Where do Slavic women wear babushkas?
14. In the world of comics, what is Lord Greystroke better known to millions as?
15. Who flies the Jolly Roger flag?
16. The 1977 Nobel Prize was awarded to Amnesty International, to whom was the 1976 Peace Prize awarded?
17. Where is the headquarters of N. E. Railway situated?
18. "Canis Familiaris" is the biological name of which animal?
19. What is the currency of the People's Republic of China?

ANSWERS

1. Tooth.
2. Sanskrit.
3. Rembrandt, his full name was Rembrandt Van Rijn.
4. Eugene O'Neill the playwright. His daughter married Charlie Chaplin.
5. The U. S. A., Washington D. C.
6. His wife.
7. The king cobra.
8. Badminton.
9. No one.
10. Aardvark, the anteater first. Aardwolf is the second.
11. Chignon.
12. Seven.
13. Over their heads, it is a scarf.
14. Tarzan Of The Apes.
15. Pirates.
16. Betty Williams and Mairead Corrigan for their peace efforts in N. Ireland.
17. Gorakhpur.
18. The dog.
19. Yuan.

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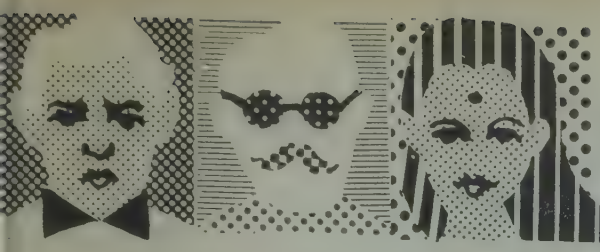


people known

Even before music lovers in the country could put away the lingering memories of Mehdi Hassan's visit to India, two other singers from Pakistan arrived. Both **Mallika Pukhraj** and **Roshanara Begum** were in India briefly to participate in the celebrations of the AIR Golden Jubilee. The visitors from the past brought memories with them, and revived the feeling of nostalgia in the minds of their fans in this country, who had heard them when they were pioneering artistes with All India Radio before 1947. Visiting Delhi after more than 30 years was obviously a delightful experience for both singers.

The highlight of the visit was the musical function in which both singers participated. The rest of the trip was spent differently by each singer—while Roshanara Begum, helped by her daughter, regaled the visitors who dropped in on her with tales about the past, Mallika Pukhraj worked on her embroidery. She creates approximately one embroidery-portrait a year, and had brought along about five samples of her work for exhibition.

* * *

About thirty million people the world over have reason to rejoice over the fact that **Charles Herbert Best** was born. Best did these people a direct and very substantial service. He helped to discover insulin as a treatment for diabetes. After living a rich life, happy in the knowledge of his gift to his fellowmen, Best died recently, for a very personal reason. He collapsed suddenly, unable to bear the shock, when he learnt of the death of one of his two sons.

At least a few of the thirty million living diabetics will feel sad that he is dead!

* * *

Mr. Sham Lal, Editor-in-Chief of the Times of India, retired recently, with only a quiet announcement in his paper to mark the occasion publicly. As editor, columnist and literary critic, Mr. Sham Lal has done his bit for both Journalism and Literature, and is naturally respected in both circles. However, his retirement, while a loss to journalism, might be a gain for literature. Once freed from the bonds of administrative work and the other obligations that go with editorship of a major newspaper, Mr. Sham Lal may find more time to indulge in creative and critical writing again. However, the or-

so well in the past is ensuring that it continues to benefit through him still. Though he retires from his post of Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Sham Lal will continue his association with the Times of India as a Contributing Editor.

* * *

Italian film producer **Carlo Ponti** and his better known wife **Sophia Loren,** are included in a list of thirty people wanted by the Italian police. The Public Prosecutor of Rome recently issued an arrest warrant for them. The charges against Ponti are more serious than those against the others. Mr. Ponti has been accused of illegally exporting

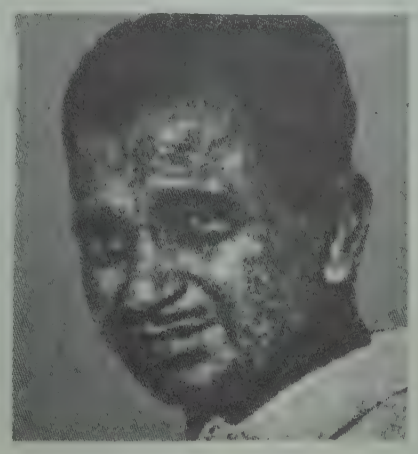
capital out of the country, and his wife and the other wanted persons are charged with having helped him in various ways.

At the time of the issuing of the warrant, the producer was not in Italy. Neither was he at Paris, though the couple have a home in that city too. According to a spokesman, Ponti was probably somewhere in Switzerland, and would return after completing his work there. The Italian Government authorities are, however, obviously not prepared to wait. They are considering an extradition plea to speed Ponti's return.

* * *

The legendary hockey wizard **K. D. Singh ("Babu")** ended his life and also an era by shooting himself through the head. The great sportsman succumbed to the deep depression that had overpowered him in the past few months. Babu, who had been one of the most brilliant players on the hockey field during his active career, was a victim of hockey politics, which made him "retire" from the game, but he did not lose

touch with hockey. He spent his time training promising youngsters in the techniques of playing a good game. Only, to the dismay of many hopefuls,



he limited his "tuitions" to those who sought his guidance, in his home town, Lucknow.

Allegations have been made by the player's kith and kin that he was forced to commit suicide by the harassment by officials and other authorities. But the exact cause for his depression and death is immaterial. Suffice to say, that public neglect and general ill treatment lost to hockey a player and teacher who could probably have saved the game from total ruin if only he had been given a chance.

* * *

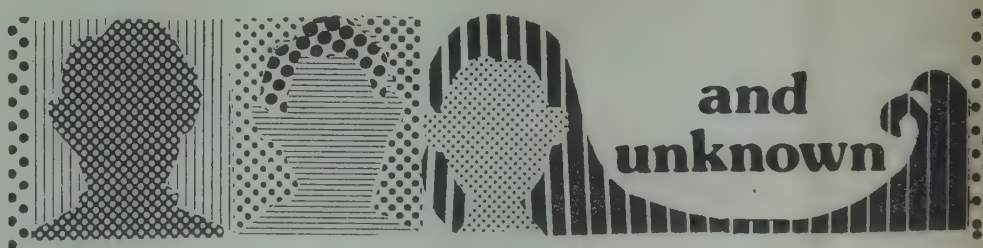
Unlike his British counterpart, who gets only a sack of corn flour, a bottle of rye and the equivalent of two shillings (a standard set long ago, and never really revised) as compensation for his poetic services, **Mr. Kannadasan,** will be given a car, a telephone and a monthly allowance of Rs. 1,000 for the rest of his life. These substantial rewards are the result of his being appointed Poet Laureate of his state.

Mr. Kannadasan certainly deserves this honour for the high literary merit of his work. Tamil Nadu's second and newest Poet Laureate has to his credit approximately 10,000 poems, a number of novels, and a well known treatise on Hinduism. He is also a pioneer and has done a lot for clearing Tamil writing of much of the fogginess and bombast that it had acquired through the ages.

* * *

One controversial thing that has happened has been the resignation of **Mr. M. A. Ramaswamy** from the presidentship of the Indian Hockey Federation. According to Mr. Ramaswamy's own statement, he is taking this step because the pressure of his business affairs does not permit him to devote his "best attention to the increasing problems in our national federation." This might be so, and Mr. Ramaswamy is to be praised for this step, for being conscientious enough to withdraw from what he finds is too much for him.

But doubts have been raised, about the real cause for his resignation, probably because of a series of coincidences. India's poor show at the Gold Cup games, is one of these coincidences, while another is the as yet unexplained resignation of the secretary of the IHF, Mr. Dayanand.



and unknown

Ages ago, the still terrifying Jack the Ripper terrorised the citizens of Britain. That vicious murderer is dead, but some grim humoured maniac has decided to play the successor to the title and has managed to throw his fellow citizens into a panic. The new Jack the Ripper well deserves his title. He has ripped through eight women, leaving them mangled and dead, for no apparent reason at all. Of course, playing true to the tradition he is following, this Ripper too has chosen only prostitutes as victims, but there is no sign that he will not expand his field of action and attack other women too.

Till this Ripper is tripped up by the police who are on the lookout for some sign of his identity, England will not be too safe a place for women in general.

Compiled by Sathya Saran

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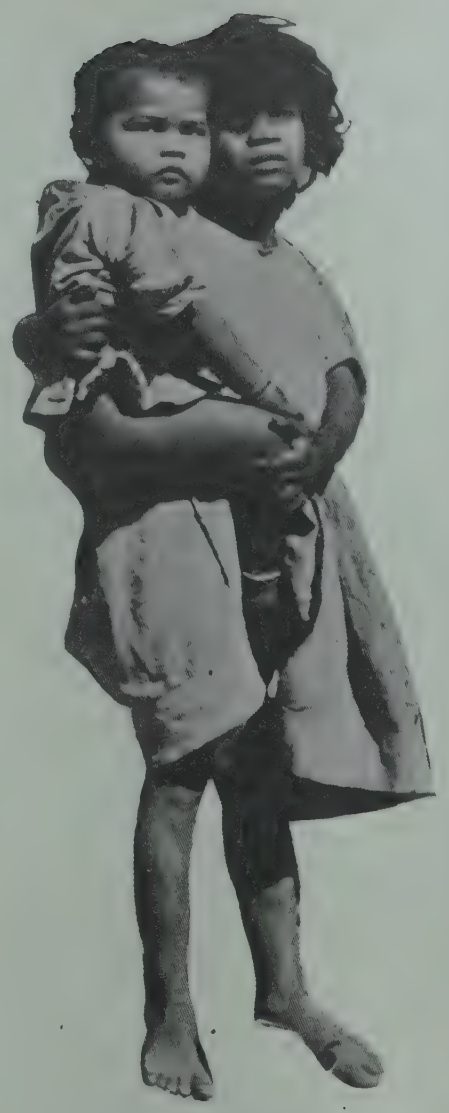

ROBBED OF THEIR CHILDHOOD

Vrunda Moghe Dev

In a dingy canteen of a government establishment, two small boys, Ravi and Chandrakant, run about with glasses of tea or coffee. They suddenly stop to stare at the new guests in the office. They are wonder-struck at the huge camera and sound equipment that the visitors have brought and in the process they forget that they had to take tea to the "bada saab" upstairs.

The boys' behaviour was typical of children who have been denied their rights in childhood. Asked about their age, Chandrakant fumbled and said, "sixteen." It was a blatant lie that he was taught to tell anyone who asked his age. His mannerisms, playful character and innocence belied what he told me. Much later, he confessed that he was 12 years old and that the canteen owner had warned him against revealing his true age.

There are thousands of Chandrakants like this one who have to pretend to be older to earn their bread. The law permits an employer to employ children above 14 and below 18 for not more than six hours a day, but employment of children below 14 in factories etc. is unlawful. Those days of children working in deplorable conditions in stone quarries and coal mines are now only in history in most of the advanced countries.

WHY THEY WORK

In India, it is illegal to employ young children, but the evil remains, not in factories or shops, but in various other fields where the law fails to reach. Both urban and rural scenes in this regard are complicated and caused by the same old evils of poverty, uncontrolled growth in population, urban migration, illiteracy and faulty education.

In the rural areas, six out of ten children enrolled in schools drop out every year. These are the children of farmhands who till this day think that a child does not mean an additional mouth to feed but two extra hands to help and earn. The poor earnings of the head of the family have to be supplemented by the mother helping in the fields with the result that the burden of household chores and minding the other young ones at home naturally fall on the older children of school-going age. Household chores include fetching water from a distance, washing clothes and utensils, and this type of work does not have any fixed hours. During harvest seasons, these children have to work in the fields to get, if not money, additional grain for the family. Hence children below 14 doing this type of work are already grown-ups in their own way.

Those four out of ten who remain in schools are usually found out to be useless as farm labour. The fault lies entirely with the education system which, by giving formal education, raises the hopes of white-collar jobs among these children. When the children in this category find it difficult to remain in the villages, and migrate to the cities the problem of urban child labour becomes aggravated.

The dearth of white-collar jobs being so pronounced and the job guarantee for children with only seven to eight years of school education almost impossible, these children find their way into hotels, liquor dens, houses or venture on their own as newspaper boys or shoe-shine boys.

One can imagine the gravity of the problem when one sees that 42 per cent of our present population is under 15.

Hotel and canteen boys have no hopeful future, leave alone good returns for the amount of work they put in daily. Their jobs involve getting up in the early hours, cleaning, filling water, running about with glasses of water, cleaning tables and dish washing. The urban labour force of this type is made up of various segments: migrants, local children from poor homes and those run-aways having false aspirations of rising to some great level through dish washing. Besides getting some food and clothing, the cash reward for their services is marginal. But to most of them, even this reward seems substantial.

One finds a lot of children employed as domestic servants. These children find, temporarily though, some security in working under a roof, and their parents also feel safer. But for most domestic servants of tender age, working in hotels or canteens still remain the highest ambition. Domestic work has unspecified duties which keep them tied to the house the entire day. Work in a canteen or a hotel leaves them free to attend night schools to pursue the education they could not complete because of poverty.

Some families do take children from poor homes or orphanages and give them education at morning or evening classes. In one house, a girl from an orphanage was brought to Bombay, educated in the mornings while helping the lady of the house in her household chores during the day. She is a full-fledged nurse today, earning a decent salary. But few families have this consideration for their young servants.

A GRIM FUTURE

By far the worst fate is faced by those children who are employed in liquor dens. They have to keep shifting from one place to another, there is no steady income and, moreover, even the "next day" seems uncertain. They live in the constant fear of being rounded up by the police and taken to delinquents' homes. These children can never bank on the support of their employers when they are arrested. They face great risks everyday and become hardened bootleggers and goondas, their lives spent in antisocial activities.

Since child labour is unlawful, labour commissioners do not furnish any figures regarding this. It is only when a case of such illegal employment is brought to their notice hat they take action against the factories or shops concerned. Among construction workers too, there is a high rate of child labour but this form of labour is so disorganised that proving this evil becomes impossible.

If this trend of child labour is to be checked, Government has to act without delay on various lines. That this evil cannot be eradicated overnight is a fact that we must accept, but constructive measures taken now will bear fruit after some years.

First, the living conditions of the rural and urban labour should be improved through better wages and providing adequate health facilities to curb the high incidence of infant mortality. Only then will labour accept the norm of a small family as a means to better living. Secondly, there should be more rigorous implementation of the family planning programme. Thirdly, there should be practical education like dairy development, poultry, etc. on the lines of SEWA (run by Ila Bhat in Ahmedabad) to check children migrating to cities to find jobs and joining the vast mass of the unemployed. Unless radical measures like these are taken, our children will be denied their rights as children. And denying them this basic right as children would mean taking great risks with the country's future.

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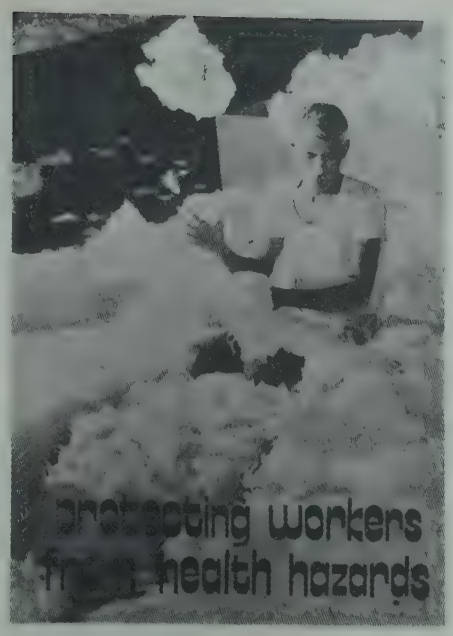
A Quality Product by HINDUSTAN LEVER

Continued from page 17

a day — when they are supposed to cover more than 10,000 factories (as in the Bombay area) twice a year.

Some time ago, an inquiry committee headed by Dr. Thacker was appointed to investigate the enforcement of industrial health legislative measures. The committee strongly recommended adequate staffing of the enforcement agency. The committee said that this could only be done by upgrading salaries of Medical Inspectors and offering other incentives to fill up vacant posts, as well as to add to the present capacity. Dr. Thacker argues that the Factory Inspection Department of the Ministry of Labour annually receives subsantial amounts from all factories as "factory registration" fees. "So that if they say they don't have the funds to implement our suggestions, it's just an excuse. The funds are being diverted elsewhere!"

According to Dr. Thacker, another major problem is the lack of implementation of legislation. "Suppose there's a strict Inspector who's conscientious enough to enforce legislation even, he's bound to get entangled in long-drawn-out court proceedings. On the contrary, his Chief Inspector may have already been approached by the employer being prosecuted. Then the worker or workers who origi-



nally complained of hazards to the Inspector may be either bribed or threatened with dismissal by the erring employer, so that they'll change their stands in court.

"Ultimately, it's only a question of prestige: if an employer doesn't like the idea of being hauled to court, he may enforce legislation, but an employer indifferent to prosecution won't."

Dr. Thacker draws a grim picture indeed: unscrupulous employers cocking a snook at the law, and a skeleton staff manning the Inspectorate which can't — or often prefers not to — see that workers are adequately protected against industrial hazards. This situation is further compounded by the lackadaisical attitude of the trade unions. Dr. Thacker says, "The trade unions do not take that much interest in the health of the worker. If there's a lot of cotton dust in the factory —above permissible levels also— the union leaders will not inform the authorities and will not try to reduce the levels. Instead, they convince the workers that they can compensate for the hazards by a glass of milk, gur, multivitamin tablets, tonic, bananas, etc.

"I once visited a factory, whose owners had assured me that all health hazards had been adequately controlled. Actually, the situation was horrible: the dust levels were much above the permissible levels. But the trade unions had secured an extra glass of milk and two bananas for the workers — as a price for the dust levels. Both sides were happy — the employer because he would have had to spend lakhs on equipment to counter the hazards otherwise, and mere hundreds or thousands on milk and bananas. The unions were also happy because they could tell the workers: Look, we got you the milk and bananas, so why bother with the dust? Gradually, these will be replaced by an additional 50 or 75 paise in the workers' pay packets."

In this way, the unions barter away the health of workers against money. "If only they fought for workers' health like they fight for bonus and D.A.!"

It is no wonder that Dr. Thacker lays the blame squarely at the door of the unions for their playing around with the health of workers. He also deplores the abysmal lack of health education among industrial workers. "In countries like Russia and West Germany, with their standards of health and education, they have regular classes on health for workers. But in India. . ."

And, together with the worker's ignorance of the health hazards he faces, is his reluctance to submit himself for regular medical check-ups. Apprehensive that something may be found wrong with him and that, consequently, he'll be thrown out of his job, the average worker is defintely chary of medical check-ups. And his employers are least bothered.

Thus it is seen that the worker is a mere pawn in this game played by indifferent and unscrupulous employers, ready-to-oblige unions who compromise workers' health, and inadequately staffed law-enforcement agencies.

Therefore, stringent laws need to be drawn up, incorporating harsher deterrents for erring employers than at present. At the same time, legislation enforcing personnel should be increased. Our authorities had better hurry: the health of the worker is at stake, and we owe him that much at least.

WOMEN DENIED FAIR DEAL IN TRADE UNIONS

Continued from page 13

ly that the traditional fetters are being fast cast aside. It should be noted however that while there are many women activists in the political parties there are very few in the trade unions. In the trade union field there are mainly only a few women labour lawyers.

There are many causes for the rarer participation of women in trade union organisations, particularly in leadership positions. Some have been enumerated above. Another reason for this is the male chauvinism which percolates into these organisations. The male leadership does not make any conscious effort to train the women, to encourage them to voice their grievances. Nor does the male leadership sympathise with the struggle the women have to put up on the home front to find time to devote to trade union acivities. Even the left-wing leaders who pay lip service to women's liberation do not bother to encourage women activists or to raise issues specific to the women. These issues, they are afraid, will lead to a split in the organisation on sexual lines.

Some facts have to be borne in mind while discussing the problem of women's participation in trade union organisations. Very few women are protected by labour legislation or are in any position to take advantage of such legislation, inadequate as it is. Out of the 31 million working women in India, 25 million are employed in the agricultural sector where virtually no trade unionisation opportunity exists. Of the remaining six million, about four work in the unorganised nonagricultural sector, and only two million are fortunate enough to be employed in the organised sector, where at least some legal protection is available.

The number of self-employed women is negligible, principally because of lack of capital and absence of access to capital.

The absolute number of women employed in the organised sector has gone up, but proportionately there has been only a slight increase. And it should also be remembered that not all the women employed in this sector are members of unions. In 1968 for example, women constituted 40 per cent of the total work force in plantations, but they formed only 21. 7 per cent of the union membership. Similarly, in the mines, women are 13 percent of the work force but only 9 per cent of the union members. In the manufacturing sector the picture is somewhat more encouraging, the women forming 9 per cent of the work force and 10.5 per cent of union members.

The low participation of women in trade unions results in their not getting a fair deal from their employers, legal provisions not withstanding. Laws are not necessarily adhered to and the benefits laid down by them not only do not increase, but may even diminish.

In the plantations for example, Rs. 82 lakhs were spent on maternity benefits in 1961, and this amount had come down to Rs. 54 lakhs in 1969. Equal wages for equal work is a statute mainly confined to paper. This can only be enforced if the unions take up this question. While it may be possible to blame the male leadership for this state of affairs, it is essential to find out what the conscious women can do to focus the attention of the union as well as the management on problems special to them.

No separate organisations are required to achieve this objective. Women's cells can be set up within the existing unions to raise issues specific and vital to women workers. Area committees of women working in different offices and factories should be set up to create awareness among the working women, to free them from the grip of old values. The women employees of banks, for example, have a long standing complaint about the nature of their maternity leave. It is granted six weeks prior to the predicted date of delivery, and extends to six weeks after the actual date of delivery. Part of the leave lapses if the actual delivery takes place earlier than the predicted date. This is an issue which demands attenion. Success would depend basically upon the capacity of the women to get organised and to struggle.

In conclusion, one could say that there is tremendous scope in the trade union field for any feminist who feels that women should assert themselves at home, at work, in society in general. Women's committees must be organised to take up their own problems. The day a woman steps out of the house for a job, the chains of traditional social pressures and values start getting loosened. Trade union activities will strengthen and speed up this process, as with them women will realise the importance of their career. The patriarchial relationship would then be questioned. A feminist consciousness will develop along with trade union consciousness.

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ALLERGY:
trouble for all seasons

The fault lies mainly in the food we eat.
Discipline can cure allergy

Gasping for air with the cords of the neck stretching, and the face breaking into a grimace with every strenuous gasp, asthma patients can be recognized from a distance. They are always short of breath because of the narrowing of the air tubes caused by allergy. Other allergic symptoms are running noses, watering eyes and all sorts of problems with skins or bodies.

WHAT IS ALLERGY?

The defence system of the body is like a house dog which resents and repels trespassers. That means the body resists any foreign particle, such as protein, which enters it. This entry is resisted by the defence system, and the resulting damage of this war is shown as allergic reaction. This foreign protein can be present in the dust, flower pollen, cat fur, dog hair, food materials and various other things around us. This reaction can take place anywhere in the body, and the symptoms depend on the site of the reaction.

If it is in the nose, one starts sneezing, or has a blocked nose, or may have a watery discharge. In the eyes, one gets itching and watering. The eyes become sore and red. If it occurs in the ears, one gets an itching sensation there. It may also cause pain, serious discharge and even deafness. In the throat, a person may get a sore throat and spells of dry cough.

One of the most serious forms of allergy occurs in the lungs, where the narrowing of the air tubes causes asthma. With an allergic reaction in the blood vessels of one side of the head, migraine results. Sometimes this may be just a headache associated with nausea and vomiting. Mucous, colitis, diarrhoea, non-specific joint pains, etc. are common allergic symptoms. On the skin one gets itching, rash or eczema. In short, the basic mechanism is active rejection of foreign proteins by the body, though the sites of the action may be different at different times.

IS ALLERGY HEREDITARY?

There may be a set of allergic symptoms in some members of the family. What one inherits is not a special disease caused by allergy, but a tendency to develop allergy. One may be born with this tendency, but may not get symptoms immediately on birth. The usual gap between birth and the onset of symptoms varies from six months to sixty years.

There is a very wrong notion prevailing among people that hereditary asthma is incurable. On the contrary, facilities for proper investigation and treatment of allergy are now available and such hereditary asthma is definitely curable. The incidence of allergy through the years in general is not more than ten per cent. If both the parents are suffering from allergy, the chances are that 58 per cent of their children will suffer from it, too. If only one of the parents is allergic the chances are 38 per cent.

MAIN CAUSES OF ALLERGY

You may find seasonal variation, or day and night variation in the onset, duration and severity of symptoms. If one gets allergic symptoms more at midnight or on getting up in the morning, usually the reason is dust, because the worst place for dust in the house is the mattress, especially a cotton mattress. Mosquito curtains are also a very important source of dust, and this type of allergy troubles a person more or less all through the year. It is at its worst during summer and in dry places.

The allergy that sets in around sunrise or sunset is most probably due to flower pollen, as the count goes up in the atmosphere during these hours. If you remain indoors with the doors and windows closed during these hours, you are likely to suffer less from this allergy. The seasons in which these flower pollen grow in plenty are the worst for those particular people. Similarly, gardens and places with lots of greenery are no good for these people. Cities with high-rise buildings prove a blessing in disguise for them.

In hot and humid climates, moulds (fungus) grow more profusely. This climate is unsuitable for those who are allergic to moulds. The rainy season is the worst for such people and they have more symptoms during the

Various areas are marked with ink on the arm for testing various allergens.

With a needle impregnated with allergen a prick is given in the skin depositing the allergen in the skin.

RIGHT: One of the instruments to measure the respiratory functions in asthma.

ALLERGY : TROUBLE FOR ALL SEASONS

early hours of the morning when fungal spores are released into the atmosphere. In damp places where there is a lot of old wood furniture, or clothes, fungal allergy can occur more frequently. Such patients are always troubled by fermented food like bread, wine, beer or some of the Indian dishes like idli and dhokla, or B-complex preparations.

Symptoms vary with the change of seasons, but are always due to flower pollen fungus or dust allergy.

Usually people are not allergic to one single thing and if one is exposed to all the things to which one is allergic at the same time, then the symptoms are bound to be severe. Exposure to fewer allergents will mean milder symptoms. Certain people tolerate certain foods only in particular seasons and not in other seasons, but certain foods or drugs cause symptoms in any season. Some people who are allergic to both dust and eatables, will have more trouble at night because here they are subject to the dual assault of dust and food allergents.

THE PRECIPITATING FACTOR

The symptoms may be aggravated by certain factors which are due to nature — sudden changes in temperature, entry into an air-conditioned room or coming out of it, suddenly going into the hot sun. Any strange odour, perfume, however little, may precipitate allergic symptoms. Physical or mental exertion like laughing, shouting, climbing stairs, and fear or tension, can precipitate or aggravate allergic symptoms. It is said that a person may get symptoms even by looking at a picture of flowers to which he is allergic. Here the person gets apprehensive by looking at the picture and this mental tension caused by the sight can precipitate symptoms.

FUNDAMENTALS OF TREATMENT

The first and foremost thing is to identify the offending allergents. Once we do that, we can either give up or restrict their use to the minimum possible, eg. restriction of diet to only those items to which one is not allergic, the avoidance of nylon clothes if they cause allergy, and the avoidance of cosmetics, perfumes, hair oils, etc. One should also avoid those medicines and foodstuffs with which allergy has been associated. However, it is not always possible to avoid or limit many of the things even if one desires to do so. For such cases, desensitizing vaccines are available.

Before talking of the vaccines, let us consider the method of identifying allergy by skin tests. This involves testing with the diluted protein extract of foreign materials to which one is exposed to in every day life. The skin of either the forearm or the back is marked with the names of the extracts and the site is lightly pricked with a sharp needle dipped into the foreign protein extract (separate needle for each extract).

The procedure is practically painless. The prick is less than a mosquito bite. After twenty minutes, if there is a change in the colour of the skin, viz. redness of the skin around the point, or swelling at the point of the prick, then this local reaction indicates allergy to that particular protein. The allergent is then identified and the degree of the allergy can be measured by these tests. This also provides guidance for the preparations of the vaccine depending on the intensity of the allergy to the foreign protein. After the skin tests, the correct diet can be prescribed and the offending allergents avoided.

Where it is not possible to avoid an allergent, a de-sensitizing vaccine can be given. One can also keep the allergy under control with medicines.

It is not practical to de-sensitize a person for food items for two reasons — one is that we can de-sensitize only up to a certain level, and any increase in the allergent would bring about the symptoms, e.g. a de-sensitized person may tolerate half a banana, but six to eight bananas will bring about symptoms. Vaccines are not given for food articles which are easily avoided, and no food is absolutely essential for life, as there is always an alternative

Before we conclude, a few words about the medical treatment of allergy should be useful. For some people with general allergy, anti-histaminic drugs are helpful, but only temporarily. Cortisone is not an ordinary medicine, but it may be life saving at times in severe allergic symptoms. In allergic conditions like asthma, drugs that will dilate the air tubes will help. Ordinary medicines will not suffice.

The main cause of allergy is faulty diet, and it is only after allergic skin tests that a correct diet can be prescribed, which will definitely improve the person's condition, and then ordinary medicines will control the allergy. Patients will have to learn by the method of trial and error, what they should eat, what they should use, where they should go, what to avoid and what to use. So one needs to identify the allergent and treat the allergy either by de-sensitization or by avoiding the allergent.

In conclusion, if an allergy is not amenable to cure, then the only thing to do is to make peace with it by treatment. The kingpin of this lies in observation and discipline. Actually, if we can discipline ourselves in food and other factors, there is no need for medicines. And if you cannot have discipline no medicine will work.

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THREE WAY FLATTERY

Continued from page 19

bracket twice, work in Orange tr. to end, 2 ch., turn.

6th row : 1 Orange tr. in each of next 8 tr., (6 White tr., 5 Brown tr., 6 White tr., 3 Orange tr.) twice, work Orange tr. to last 46 sts. rep. bracket twice and work in Orange tr. to end, 2 ch., turn.

7th row : As 5th row.

8th row : As 6th row.

9th row : As 5th row.

10th row : As 4th row.

11th row : As 3rd row.

12th and 13th rows : As 2nd row, in Orange thread, fasten off.

With 2 lengths of Orange thread each 66 cms. in length, make a twisted cord. Similarly make 3 more cords of the same length. Stitch one end of each cord to each of the 4 corners of the belt. Attach a small tassel at the other end of each cord.

Line the belt with lining material to give firmness.

SLIPPERS

With Orange thread work a row of 38 ch., turn.

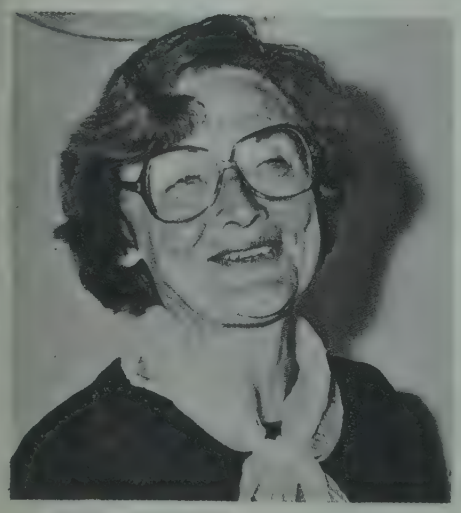
1st row : 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, 2 ch., turn.

2nd row : 1 tr. in each of next 9 tr., join White thread, 1 tr. in each of next 7 tr., join Green thread, 1 Green tr. in each of next 3 tr., in White thread 1 tr. in each of next 7 tr., in Orange thread 1 tr. in each tr. to end, working 10 Orange tr. on either side, work the same motif (of 17 tr.) as for the belt. Then in Orange thread work 2 rows of tr., fasten off.

Similarly work the piece for the other slipper. Have the slippers made with these crochet pieces.

Arnavaz Dhondy

passing through



BETTY McCOLLISTER:

EBULLIENT WRITER

Exuberant and controversial, Betty McCollister is a freelance journalist from New Jersey, U.S.A. She was accompanying her ex-husband who was in India for a week on business.

Sounding very much like Lucille Ball, Betty voiced her views on various subjects ranging from her writing to man as an evolutionary goof!

Betty has taken courses in reviewing and feature writing under Charles Lee at the University of Pennsylvania. Feature writing is the toughest course she's ever done. For one particular article she had to interview over 30 people. "I'd rather clean house or sit on my butt doing nothing," she grinned. She has a poster in her kitchen with the words "Writer — please disturb" on it.

Yet she has never missed a deadline. "I can bat out a review in twenty minutes if I have to," she said.

Endowed with a strong sense of humour, Betty has written humorous poetry and articles. She once wrote about her teenage daughter Ruth describing her as "the telephone-talking Venus boycatcher." The "Philadelphia Evening Bulletin", the "Detroit News" and the suburban newspaper group publish her articles.

Betty has six children and six grandchildren. She attributes her big family to the general increase in birthrate after the war. "You can say I had them in a fit of absentmindeness," she said making a funny face. She had three kids in diapers at the same time. "All I did was change diapers," she said shaking her head.

But in America, "the housewife is looked upon as the lowest form of scum. On forms you are listed as 'nothing'," she said. In her opinion, America doesn't take care of its poor kids.

"I love India," she enthused. She particularly loved to watch the women in their graceful sarees walk by in the Taj lounge. However, as she is used to loose and stretch garments the sari is "too tight for me at the waist."

Betty is three-dimensional. Her speech is accompanied by dramatic gestures and expressions.

A music and drama critic for almost thirty years, Betty grins, "I know when someone's good at an instrument because I know how it would sound if I played it." She plays the piano too, but "the cello is my instrument," she beamed. She plays chamber music. Betty's ambition in life is to play Beethoven Opus 59 without making a mistake.

Describing her nationality, Betty said, "I am mostly English, some Scot — you know how Americans are — all mixed up."

In spite of being an agnostic, Betty attended the first world conference on religious liberty in Holland.

She is a women's libber. "Feminist is the word I prefer," she said. "Ms" and "Mother Jones" are among her favourite magazines. Currently writing for newspapers, Betty would like to break into magazines.

For relaxation, she reads mystery stories "by the barrelful." "I've read everything Agatha Christie wrote," she declared. Among playwrights, "there's nobody like Shakespeare." Tennessee Williams is her favourite contemporary playwright.

Betty likes to write about culture. The write-ups she did of an art exhibition and violin makers were "right up her alley."

Betty gets mad when the editors misspell correct words. Once when the editor chopped off her weekly column in the middle of a sentence for an advertisement, she retaliated next week with, "As I was saying when I was so rudely interrupted..." It surprisingly got past the editor's scissors.

Betty relaxes by walking and lying on Long Island Beach, where she lives.

Her pet theory is that man is an evolutionary goof. "If we were autos we would be called back to the factory for defects," she says, ending on a controversial note.

Maya C. Malani

THE WAY YOU SLEEP THE WAY YOU LIVE

Do you sleep in the nude? Never mind. It's no longer the "in" question. The question is in what position.

For example, if you sleep on your back, that's the "royal" position. It is supposed to show that you feel you are the king or queen of the universe.

If you sleep on your stomach, kind of spread-eagled over the bed, then perhaps you are a person who wants complete control over your life — you are dominating the available bed space by your position.

It is said that if you sleep in the full foetal position, you are the kind of person who is afraid to let yourself go fully, to experience life's joys and sorrows completely.

That's the word from Dr. Samuel Dunkell, a New York psychiatrist who has written a book called "Sleep positions, the night language of the body."

Dr. Dunkell writes, "In sleep we act out the dramas of our lives, using our bodies instead of our speech to express our joys and griefs, our loves and hates. In the night world, each of us becomes the pantomimist of his own personal saga."

The night world — dreams in particular — has been a major subject of exploration for psychiatrists and psychoanalysts since Freud. But how did Dr. Dunkell get into the positional side of it? He began his research informally 12 years ago, and has continued it through interviews with patients, almost all of whom know how they sleep.

He was first intrigued by the subject when a young woman explained that she slept on her stomach, and on a bias in the bed, thereby squeezing anybody else out of it. She was doing the same in her day-world, especially in her relations with men. "The way a person sleeps is the way he or she lives," says Dr. Dunkell, who is 57. "And it was a hard thing for me to grasp that there was this separate universe."

In his book, Dr. Dunkell cites changes in patients' sleep positions after a problem has been resolved. He tells about couples and how they talk to each other by the way they sleep, saying things they can't while awake.

The most romantic sleep position for couples, he says, is the hug, two people face to face. Another romantic and more common sleep position is the spoon. when the couple nestles front and back like two spoons in a drawer. Couples even shift sleep positions in tandem as one tires of sleeping on one side and, as a marriage wears on, they may gradually move apart — which is but normal. But there is also a deliberate freeze manoeuvre when one partner keeps moving farther and farther away, definitely messaging something. Dunkell also notes that a man or woman whose spouse is frequently absent sleeps better by moving into the space formerly occupied by the partner — a form perhaps, of re-establishing contact.

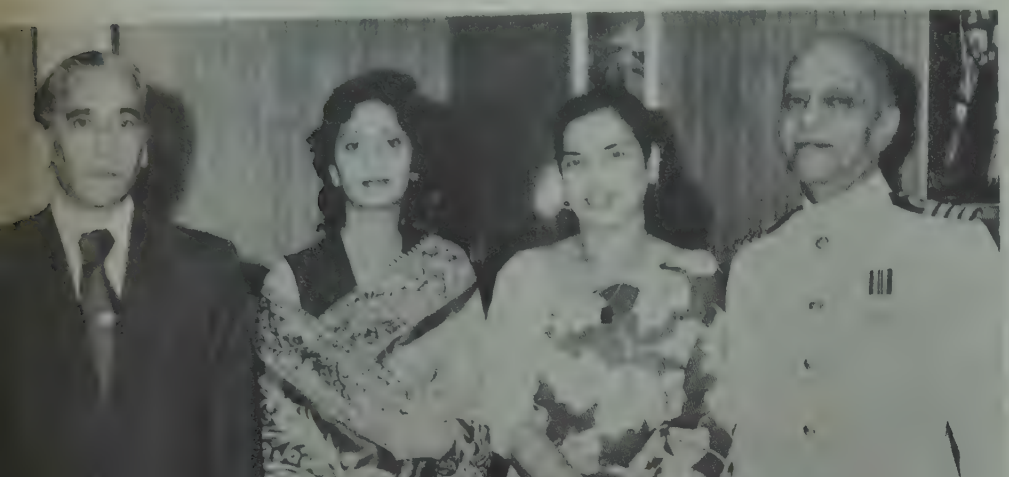
And in this connection, there is a little story. A travelling saleswoman, in bed with the farmer's son, said to him, "How about trading sides with me? You roll over me and I'll roll over you, and we'll be more comfortable."

"Oh, that's all right, lady, I'll just walk around the bed," he said. And he did. This happened several more times, with the same result. Finally she said, "You know, I don't believe you know what I really want."

"The hell I don't," he replied. "You want the whole damn bed, but you ain't a-going to get it!"

Ravin Shepherd

people and events



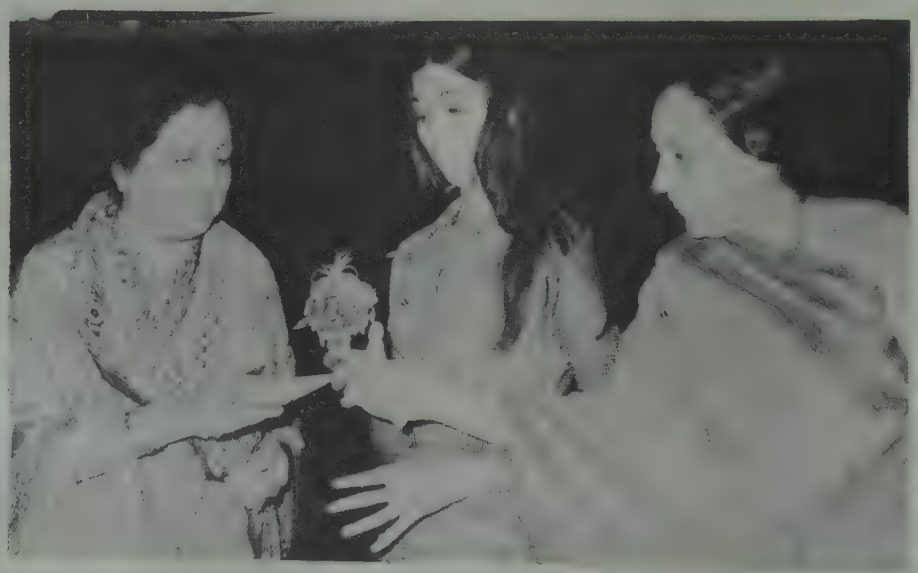
Mrs. Nargis Dutt cuts the tape at the opening of the exhibition of hand-embroidered household linen organised in Bombay by Flower Field, a boutique in Shreeramnagar, AP, run by Women's Welfare Centre under the guidance of Mrs. Promila Saraf (left).

ABOVE: At the reception after the passing-out-parade on board training ship Jawahar in Bombay, are from left Mr. B. C. Cariapa, Chairman of the Bombay Port Trust who took the salute, Mrs. Saroj R. Ahuja, Mrs. Irene Cariapa and Captain G. S. Ahuja.

RIGHT: Rotary Anns of the Calcutta Rotary Club at their "Knights of the Nite" programme.

ABOVE: Raju Deshpande writes "Thank you" with the help of his mouth for Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali who presented to him a wheelchair donated by the Rotary Club of Bombay's Committee for the Handicapped.

BELOW: At the All-India Sogetsu School's Exhibition in Delhi are from left Mrs. Uma Sharma, Mrs. D. R. Kohli, wife of the Lt. Governor, and chief guest, Mrs. Saroj Narain, Mrs. Veena Punj, Mrs. Veena Dass and Prem Mehra.



LEFT: Miss Rachana Shroff (centre) a mentally retarded student of Jyoti Sangh, Ahmedabad, whose painting was awarded a prize in a London exhibition, being congratulated by Mrs. Vasanti Pai, Chairman of the Association for Mentally Retarded. On the right is Mrs. Patimaben Jaikrishna, President, Jyoti Sangh.

RIGHT: Mrs. Usha Nayak chief guest, distributes prizes at the Canara Bank Ladies' Club's crafts competition-cum-exhibition at Bangalore. Mrs. Nagarathna K., secretary of the club, is at the mike.

bombay

At a simple ceremony Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali, wife of the Governor of Maharashtra, presented special wheel chairs donated by the Committee for the Handicapped of the Rotary Club of Bombay to Master Raju Deshpande, a 16-year-old severely handicapped boy undergoing treatment at the All India Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, at the Institute's premises.

The Rotary Club of Bombay also organised a multi-diagnostic camp at Panchgani on March 31 and April 1 and 2, for the weaker sections of society.

A total of 2,855 patients were examined, 40 patients were operated for cataract and glucoma. Free treatment was given by 23 leading doctors.

* * *

The Altrusa Club of Bombay felicitated Mrs. Sujata Manohar on her appointment as Bombay High Court Judge. The function was held at the SNDT university. Justice Mr. Deshmukh, chief guest, emphasised that while felicitating Mrs. Manohar, her merit as a capable lawyer, not just as a woman who has become a judge, should be kept in mind. Dr. Madhuri Shah, Vice-Chancellor, SNDT University, presided over the function.

* * *

Mrs. Nayana Jhaveri who has been given the Sangeet Nataka Akademi Award for her contribution to Manipuri dance, was felicitated by the Federation of Cultural Organisations of Bombay, which has 64 member organisations. Mr. Ramanujam, founder patron, paid rich tributes to Nayana Jhaveri's talent, dedication and genuine humility in spite of great achievements.

Mr. Soli Batliwala presided. Mrs. Jhaveri gave a demonstration of Manipuri dance at the end.

* * *

"Phulkari", the Punjab Government Emporium and Trade Centre was inaugurated in Bombay on April 13, Baisakhi day, by Mr. Sharad Pawar, Minister for Industry and Labour, Maharashtra. Present on the occasion was Sardar Prakash Singh Badal, Punjab Chief Minister.

The showroom depicts Punjab in its traditional and modern form.

Phulkari will sell dairy and milk products from Punjab. A range of industrial goods produced by the cottage and large units of Punjab are also on display.

The Konkan Cultural Association will hold its Annual Konkan Ball at the Bandra Gymkhana on April 30, the eve of Maharashtra Day. There will be two leading bands in attendance: Goodie Seervai's and the Gay Caballeros. The Konkan Cultural Association, a registered charity trust. strives for emotional integration between all the residents of the Konkan Coast through welfare work and cultural programmes.

* * *

"Flower Field" boutique at Shreeramnagar, Andhra Pradesh held an exhibition and sale of hand embroidered household linen at Akash Ganga. Nargis Dutt inaugurated the exhibition.

Flower Field is run by Women's Welfare Centre under the guidance of Mrs. Promila Saraf and the wives of officers of M/s. Ferro Alloys Corporation Ltd. at Shreeramnagar. Women are given training in needlecraft to enable them to earn their own living.

The exhibition was held in aid of an orphanage to be opened on July 1 at Shreeramnagar, Andhra Pradesh.

* * *

The inauguration ceremony of the Maharashtra State Women's Council's Purshotamdas Thakurdas Welfare Centre at South Jail Road, Umerkhadi was performed by Mr. Murli Deora, ex- Mayor of Bombay.

The Centre will house a health clinic with special emphasis on family welfare, social education classes including lectures on mothercraft and nutrition and library services. Part of the building will be utilised by the girls of Asha Sadan for their activities.

* * *

Pinky Bathija and Kavita Shankar B.C., youngsters who have pursued a three-year-hobby course at the Nirmala Niketan, will hold their first joint exhibition of oil paintings at the Aakar Art Gallery on May 4 and 5. The exhibition is to be inaugurated by Nargis Dutt.

* * *

Galaxy Ball '78 will be held on April 29, at the CCI lawns, in aid of the Urban Community Development Centre's Charities. Sponsored by Super Max Sandwich Blades, and organised by Daak Enterprises, Bombay, the chief guests will be Jaya and Amitabh Bachchan. The highlights of the Ball will be a beauty contest, sponsored by Topaz Talcum Powder, a fashion show by Finlays, Vimal and Nirlon fabrics and spot dances, by the wholesale dealers of Wills Super Star Filter Kings, Superphone, and Pure Drinks Pvt. Ltd., makers of Campa Cola.

delhi

The Annual Exhibition of the All India Sogetsu School was held at the Triveni Kala Sangam. The theme was "Trends in Ikebana". Bullock cart wheels, split-bamboos, marble chips, birds' eggs and poppy heads were blended with flowers and driftwood to create some very unusual and fascinating arrangements. The exhibition was inaugurated by Mrs. D. R. Kohli, wife of the Lt. Governor of Delhi.

* * *

Televista Electronics organised a "Sham-e-ghazal" programme at the Ashoka Hotel Convention Hall. The famous ghazal singer Mehdi Hassan gave an inspired performance keeping an audience of 3000 people completely spell-bound.

calcutta

The Bustee Welfare Centre sponsored the premiere of the film "Khatta-Meetha" in aid of their welfare programmes They run a school upto class VI in the premises of the Max Mueller Bhavan, which does not charge them for it. Centre pays for the children's education, books and uniforms. They also give free medical aid to 700-800 people living in the surrounding bustees.

* * *

The Rotary Anns of the Calcutta Rotary Club, held a novel "Knights of the Nite" programme to entertain their Rotarian husbands with delicious fare, a sparkling quiz contest and other items.

* * *

"Kabari", Mrs. Ruby Pal Chaudhury's exclusive boutique, held an unusal exhibition of furnishing and dress materials and copper and ceramic jewelley inspired by the traditional colours and motifs of Africa.

hyderabad

The 12th All-India Child Art Exhibition was inaugurated recently at Kala Bhavan by the Chief Secretary, Mr. I.J. Naidu. It was organised by the Child Art Club National Council. About 150 paintings by children from various parts of the country were on display.

Among the participants, 46 were deaf and dumb and 64 mentally retarded. Awards to the winners were given away by Mrs. I.J. Naidu.

world of eve

NOORAN

In 1967, when Pakistan Radio discovered the gypsy singer Reshma with her deep full-throated, emotion-charged voice, veterans like Madan Mohan, Roshan, Jaidev, and Ram Narain felt that a wonder had been discovered. Ten years later, Narender Bhatia, assistant station director, Jullunder Radio, discovered Nooran singing on the roadside. It was like history repeating itself. She has the same purity and depth in her voice and a repertoire of traditional Punjabi folksongs.

Nooran belongs to the Mirasi clan — they were the official entertainers at weddings and other functions, but now the tribe is extinct. When discovered, she was living in a squalid environment, but she sang about wide open spaces, spring and young love. Today she has recorded two LPs with H.M.V. and her TV appearances bring her a lot of letters from viewers across the border. Unprepossessing in appearance, the minute she starts singing, Nooran's personality gets transformed.

KIRAN KAKKAR

Kiran Kakkar has a most unusual interest — making 'raakhees'. Inspired by the sentiment behind Raksha Bandhan, she painstakingly moulds different materials like silken thread, coloured felt paper and tiny beads and sequins, into sparkling, eye-catching shapes. Kiran has even held an exhibition of her rakhees in Pune, which had a tremendous response.

Kiran also makes wall-hangings. He other talent is making lampshades from mirrors of various shapes, cardboard and felt paper. She is also interested in fabric painting, and paints sarees beautifully. Kiran's husband, Major A. V. Kakkar, is a souce of encouragement to her. They have three schoolgoing children.

hi ya honey!

By an Alves called Johnnie

I tell you, honey, kids have it good these days, but they don't seem to appreciate it at all. When I was young, I had to wait months, sometimes years, before my elder brother's shoes were tight enough for him to pass them on to me. Being the youngest son in the family, new garments, shoes, hats — yes, hats — were unknown to me.

I have stood a lot of nonsense before, but it came as a jolt for me to learn that my little daughter had fallen in love. And to think that until yesterday her main ambition in life was to play kho-kho and to climb trees! I was not worried, but when I discovered that she was receiving love notes, I thought the matter was getting serious. The bloke who wrote to her not only had an Italian sounding name but he could not even spell, "Dear Jeel," said one. "I lough you and I want to marey you," was another.

Last Saturday she came home at a time of night which would have thrown my father into fits, but I waited for her, perspiring as if I had another heart attack.

"What's the time?" I asked her, "and where the hell have you been?"

"Now control your temper, dad," she said. "It isn't as if I have been out sleeping with someone. I was just out with my fiance."

Honey, talk like this from my sister to my father would have meant she wouldn't have been able to sit for weeks. All I did however was to stutter a few incoherent words. "Well, what the hell did you do all evening then?"

"We did things in Braille."

Luv, I was not on her wave length; so I hollered, "And what does that mean, may I know?"

"Braille, dad. He likes to touch me."

"What!" I screamed, hitting the roof.

"Where. . . wh. . . where the hell does he touch you?"

Straightening her hair with one hand, she said, "He likes to touch my popliteal."

I thought I was going to faint, when my wife intervened and said, "Jill, why do you have to use big words, why don't you say he likes to touch the back of your knee? Your dad does not know medical terms."

THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN: HE'S BOSS AS WELL

After a lengthy dialogue as to whether or not I should buy another pair of shoes, since the last pair had only been resoled thrice and has two patches on the uppers, I decided to have a Diwali fling and buy another pair. I walked from shop to shop wearing down my shoes trying to find a pair that suited my budget. I finally decided to return home, face the grin of the cobbler and spend Rs. 20 for yet another resole.

When I reached home, my youngest son, whose salary is just about what I get as dearness allowance, was displaying to his doting mother a brand new pair of knee high boots, which he had just purchased for Rs. 140. When he saw me he said, "Hey dad, you can have my old pair, I've bought myself a super duper pair of calf boots."

Last Sunday, for the first time in 11 years, I took a taxi home; I was both late and tired. When I gave the cabby my address, he said, he knew. "I take your daughter home regularly from the station."

When I got down, the fare amounted to Rs. 1.90. I gave him Rs. 2 and, in a moment of gay abandon and generosity, I asked him to keep the change.

The cabby looked at me and said, "The least your daughter tips me is 50 paise."

Looking him straight in the eye, I replied, "My daughter has a rich father, I haven't."

When I was a kid, I had a gramophone that I had to wind each time I played a disc. My son has a stereo, hypersonic, 8-track tape recorder. I rode my father's cycle when my legs hardly reached the pedals. He drives a four-gear scooter. He has ties to match his two dozen shirts — I never wore a tie. He has a wad of notes tucked in a pure leather Commander purse, I have neither a purse, nor the cash. But I enjoyed my youth, honey, a great deal more than he ever will.

Until next time then.

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF MAY 6, 1978

CAREER POSSIBILITIES

The time comes round every year when a fresh batch of high school graduates starts thinking in terms of college and/or vocational courses. The importance of career-planning right from this stage cannot be ignored and, to help out, we offer a modest guide to career possibilities and their requirements.

NATURE CURE

There has been much talk of nature cure, especially since the Prime Minister has been advocating it. What is it all about and how effective is it?

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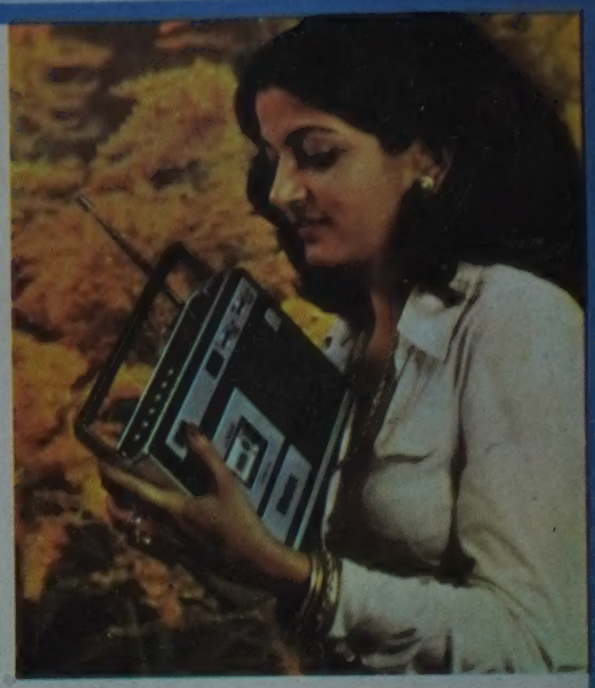

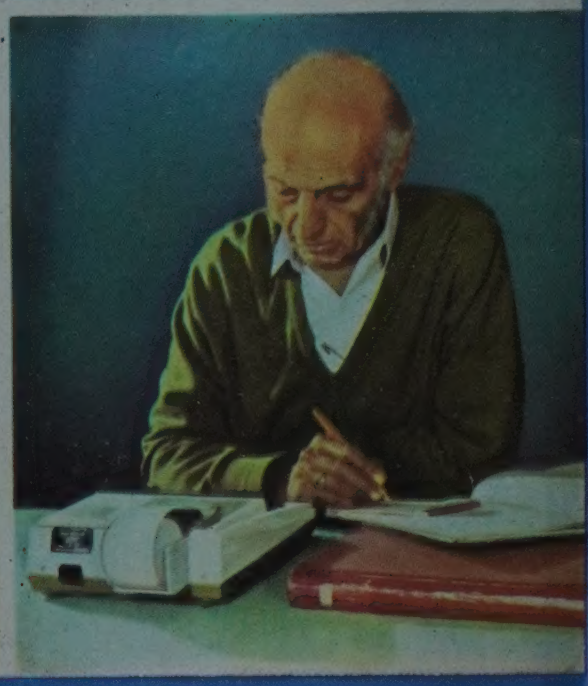

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